Saturday Night

February 6, 1954 • 10 Cents

The Front Page

There seems to be a boom under way in the sword business these days. First the men who run the Canadian Army ordained that for ceremonial occasions officers must go back to wearing swords and the rest of the pretty paraphernalia discarded during the days of serious soldiering, and now the United States Navy has decided to do the same thing "in order to restore certain prestige to the officer rank". It may have been a bit of a shock to the younger generation of officers to learn that their prestige depends on expensive new uniforms and ornamental slivers of steel, but it is all good news to the fretful civilian looking for portents of a more peaceful world. The soothing reassurances of statesmen that "there are signs of lessening international tension" are pleasant enough, but when the generals and the admirals start dressing up their officers, the times must really be less out of joint.

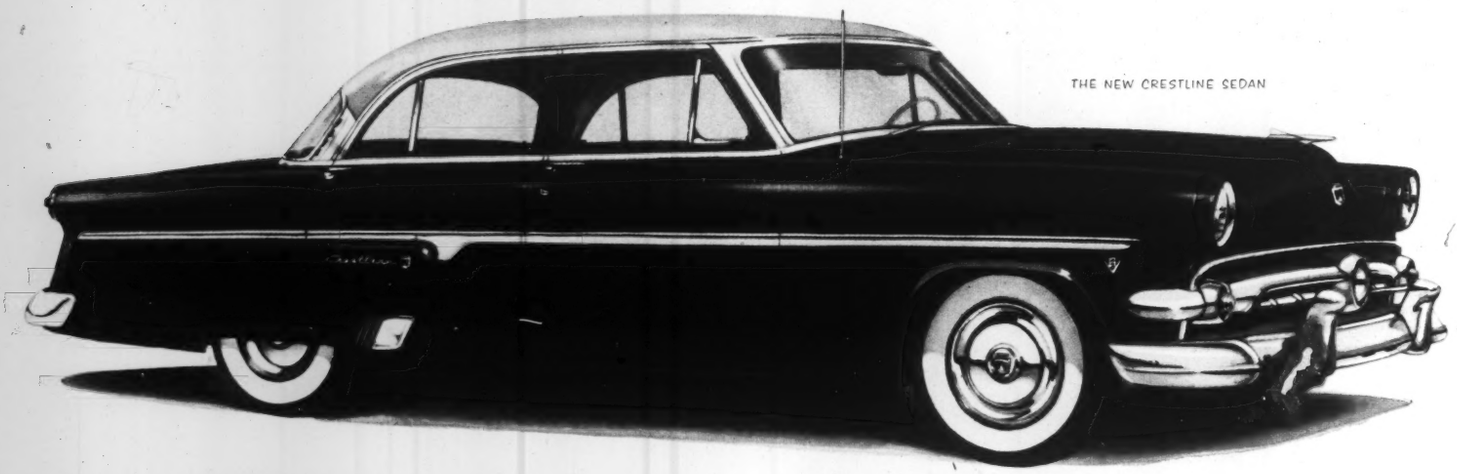
Money and Votes

Federal candidates of the Progressive Conservative party should be pretty well convinced by now that there is a great deal more to winning an election than having

Donald McKague

SARAH CHURCHILL: The burden of a name. (Page 13)

WORTH STILL MORE IN '54



THE NEW CRESTLINE SEDAN

More V-8 power!
More style-leader beauty!

'54 FORD V-8

3 great new lines

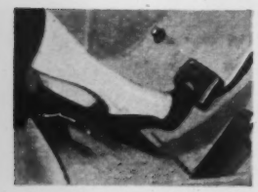
with more and more fine-car features to swing more buyers to FORD in '54

More than ever Ford sets the pace with new fine-car features, new fine-car styling in '54. The new 120-Hp. V-8 engine in all Customline and Crestline models is the finest, most advanced V-8 ever to power a Ford. The famous 110-Hp. Strato-Star in Mainline models combines smooth, dependable V-8 power with amazing economy. Both engines are the products of 20 years' experience gained in building V-8 engines . . . more than all other manufacturers combined!

Again Ford sets the pace with new beauty of styling . . . with new high-fashion models to interpret today's new ideas of motoring!

Ford for '54 offers new power features for effortless driving . . . as well as deep-down riding-comfort that rivals far more costly cars.

Test-drive Ford for '54 . . . check all the features that make this new fine car *worth still more in '54.*



POWER BRAKES*

Now . . . smooth, straight-line stops at touch of toe on pedal—with Ford's new Power Brakes. Vacuum power does over half the work—relieves strain on leg muscles . . . adds a big bonus of safety to your driving.

POWER STEERING*

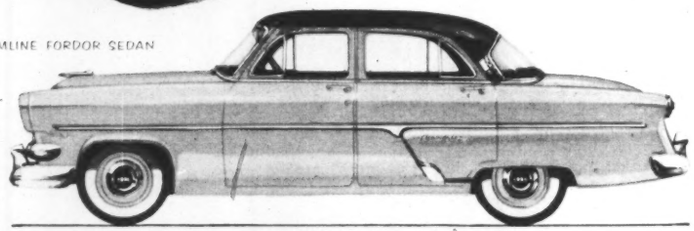
Ford's "Master-Guide" Power Steering represents the most efficient power steering system on the road! It puts hydraulic power at your service in exactly the degree you need it, takes all effort out of turning and parking . . . yet lets you retain the steering "feel" that means perfect road control.

(*Power Steering and Power Brakes optional at extra cost on certain models.)

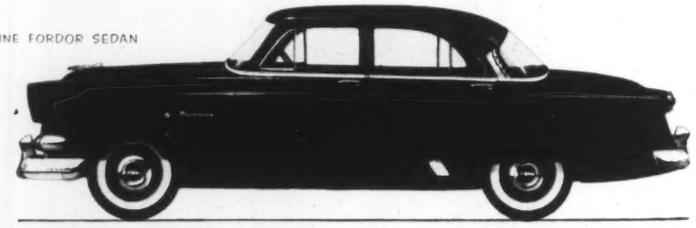
CRESTLINE SKYLINER

. . . all-new and dramatically different, with its transparent dome of tinted plexiglass over the driver's compartment!

CUSTOMLINE FORDOR SEDAN



MAINLINE FORDOR SEDAN



(Whitewall tires, fender skirts and radio optional at extra cost on certain models.)

FORD MONARCH **YOUR FORD DEALER INVITES YOU TO TEST-DRIVE FORD**

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

The Front Page

plenty of money to spend on a campaign, but if any of them are doubtful about it, they can study with profit the report on election expenses tabled in the House of Commons a couple of weeks ago. The report was not complete, because the expenses of several candidates were missing, and in any case the law requiring statements of campaign costs is too full of loopholes for anyone to be certain about the accuracy of the published figures. There is enough in the latest return, however, to prove to the Conservatives that they need more than a bulging war chest to win battles at the polls.

The financial facts do not reveal any new or startling truth, of course. The sad experience of several federal elections should have been enough to convince the Conservative planners that something more than money and a jerry-built platform was needed. There have been enough questioning voices within the party—only a few weeks ago Dufferin Roblin, Conservative member of the Manitoba Legislature, spoke bluntly about the decay of the party in Western Canada and blamed it on the high-pressure opportunism of wealthy supporters in the East.

The Conservatives will have a chance for critical self-examination at the meeting of the National Association, March 15-17. They will not be able to do a full-dress job at that time, because it will be only a meeting, not a convention, but even so it will enable them to give party policy a rigorous inspection. If the gathering produces nothing but political platitudes, the delegates will have failed not only their party but their country, which needs and should have a vigorous expression of Conservatism.

The Importance of Going

IN OUR excursions about the city during the past couple of weeks, we've been surprised at the number of stores carrying huge banners proclaiming that "Everything must go!". Why, we wondered, must all these refrigerators, television sets, suits, dresses, underwear, fishing rods and model trains go, and where? Curiosity got the better of us; we walked into one of the emblazoned shops and put the question to the proprietor. "It's simple," he said. "If things don't go, they stay, and if they stay nothing happens, and if nothing happens nobody does any business, and if nobody does any business—brother!" We were too impressed with this illustration of the dynamism of commerce to stay.

Dollar Shortage

WHEN WE talked last week with Walter Homburger, general manager of the National Ballet, it still wasn't known if the Company would be able to carry through its plans for a tour through central and western Canada and the United States.

"We need $50,000 right now to finish the season," he said. "The money is needed to furnish sets and costumes to match the performance of the company. We were in Montreal last week and got wonderful support from the people there, reviewers and audiences. Many of them gave a dollar or so as they left a performance. If 100,000 people gave a dollar apiece, we would have no worries at all, of course, but that's not likely to happen. I got a wire today from Ted Shawn, the great American dancer, who had heard of our difficulties. He said he was proud to have arranged the first appearance of the National Ballet in the United States—that was at Jacob's Pillow last summer. That made me very happy. We have something very wonderful in the National Ballet, and now it's up to the Canadian people to decide how far it will go.

"I have faith. I have had that faith ever since I became manager, a couple of years ago, when the National Ballet Guild, which sponsors the Company, asked me to take the job. I've been looking after the promotion since then. It was not something new, really, because I started the International Artists Concert Agency in 1946, after I became interested in the people who provide the concerts. I had worked as an accountant for a time after leaving the army, but I found it boring. I was born in Germany in 1924 and came to Canada in 1940—a pretty good time to come. I was in the Canadian Army for 18 months and spent my embarkation leave in New York, celebrating VE Day. I'm not married —too busy with concert promotions, I suppose. And right now the most important thing is the proper promotion of the National Ballet.

"After visiting London, Brantford, St. Catharines and Hamilton, we go on to Buffalo on February 12, then Detroit on February 14 for a week. After that we had planned to visit Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Seattle, Vancouver, Victoria, Nelson, Lethbridge, Calgary, Edmonton, Saskatoon and Winnipeg before getting back to Toronto. But without the money we need, we may not be able to get past Detroit. The complete tour would be a wonderful thing. People in both the United States and Canada would realize what great ballet this country can produce. They will, too—I have faith."

Turofsky

WALTER HOMBURGER and Celia Franca, Artistic Director of the National Ballet Company, trace the proposed route of the Company's tour.

By Candlelight

AS ANY well-bred housewife knows, candles are an important ingredient of what the women's magazines call "gracious living". There seems to be at least one drawback to the mellow dinner by candlelight, however, and we think that the wives will want to know about it. As evidence, we pass along this fragment from a conversation overheard in a restaurant: "The boss is away today, went to a doctor. He had this lump on his neck. He asked me if I'd noticed it, and I said yes, I noticed it a week ago and didn't his wife say something about it, and he said no she hadn't, probably because she didn't notice it. They have dinner every night by candlelight and nobody can see much of anything, and right after dinner he goes down to his den in the basement and she watches television or something. You know, I bet some other man could walk in and have dinner with her and she wouldn't know the difference."

TV in Court

IN MONTREAL the other day, Judge Gerald Almond walked into his courtroom to find a crew of CBC television men setting up their paraphernalia. They were going to make a film of the trial of two men charged with smuggling jewels. With the normal cockiness of those who live off the public purse, they had not even bothered to let Judge Almond know in advance what they proposed to do, but he, bless him, quickly had them and their trappings out of there. "Court activities are not shows," he said. Later the Montreal *Gazette* quoted an unnamed CBC spokesman, thus: "We've tried to televise court proceedings before, but each time we were denied permission. But there's no harm in trying."

There's no harm—if you think that courts are meant to provide entertainment for the morbidly curious instead of justice for accuser and accused, that a person whose guilt or innocence has not been established should have his reputation made a public plaything, that a trial is nothing more than an idle amusement.

There's no harm in invading an individual's privacy, either, if you think that people are just lesser forms of animal life to be herded and inspected by the elite of a super-state. And there's no harm in making a quiz program of a trial if you believe that the administration of justice is something to be sandwiched between a comedian's antics and an ancient film, to fill an idle hour.

Rapid Transit

IT IS a self-evident truth that airplanes travel faster than trains or any other means of ground locomotion, and it follows that mail sent by air should get to its destination with more speed than letters carried by other means. But it isn't necessarily so. A few days ago we got two letters, one from Ottawa and the other from New York, both properly marked and stamped for air-mail delivery; the one from Ottawa took three days to arrive and the one from New York five days. This sort of thing happens frequently enough to make us wonder if we should start marking our urgent letters "NOT air-mail".

A Dangerous Amendment

THOSE WHO would have the Parliament of Canada enact legislation to outlaw Communism should study carefully the amendment to the provincial Freedom of Worship Act which recently was passed unanimously by the Legislative Assembly of Quebec. Such a study reveals how legislative action aimed against one particular group almost inevitably must endanger the freedom of all.

The purpose of the Quebec amendment, although it is not specifically stated, is to put a curb on the activities of the sect known as Jehovah's Witnesses. In their particular sphere, the Witnesses are as obnoxious as the Communists. They are fanatics who breed hatred instead of goodwill, who do not hesitate to invade the privacy of others, who are too bigoted to respect beliefs contrary to their own, and who give no indication of being willing to extend to all religious faiths the freedom that they demand for themselves. They have been particularly rude in their attacks on the Roman Catholic Church in Quebec.

The anger of the members of the

The Front Page

Legislative Assembly is excusable, but it has led them into a hasty and dangerous piece of legislation. The amendment lists several actions and planned actions which are to be considered outside the protection of the Freedom of Worship Act, but these actions are so vaguely defined that the law could be used against all other denominations and faiths. According to the amendment, "abusive or insulting attacks" are illegal if made in books, magazines, tracts, pamphlets or other publications, or in speeches or lectures delivered in public places, or broadcast by radio, television, the press or any other means. The terms "abusive" and "insulting" are not defined, which leaves wide scope for interpretation by those enforcing the law; the obvious danger is that the interpretation could include any sort of criticism or dispassionate appraisal of religious beliefs or theories.

The inevitable vagueness of laws designed to limit the free exercise of religious or other beliefs may make them more dangerous than the activity they seek to suppress. Too often the result is the same as the burning of a house to get rid of the mice—the building is destroyed and the mice make themselves comfortable in the ruins.

Cost Equation

THE OTHER NIGHT we listened to an angry debate about the cost of building things like hospitals and schools, and we left with our head buzzing with figures—$22 a square foot or about $20,000 a bed for a permanent hospital with elevators and other equipment, up to $17 a square foot or about $850 per pupil for an elementary school with a general purpose room, and so on. The figures may not be accurate, because another statistic kept getting mixed up with them: at going North American prices, the total cost of killing one enemy soldier, if war were to break out today, would be about $250,000. As we listened to the debate, we worked out a rough equation: one 50-bed hospital equals eleven 100-pupil schools equals four enemy soldiers.

Second Thoughts

THE NATIONAL Film Board may have over-reached itself with its plans for a new building in Montreal; at least, at the time of writing, the Federal Government seems to be having second thoughts about the desirability of providing quite so rich a soil for this ambitious young sucker-growth of state paternalism. It is too much to expect, however, that the second thoughts would include the possibility of severe pruning.

The proposed NFB building, apparently, would cost about twice as much, per foot, as what a private company would pay for a modern office building. There would be marble hallways, a basement garage, an auditorium to seat 300 people in luxurious ease, great lengths of broadloom, a pool and fountain with underwater lighting, and other similar extravagances. Parliament has voted $5¼ million for the building itself; it could well come to more; and the cost of land and furnishings has been estimated at $1¼ million.

If the Film Board were told to get along with what it has, or better still, were told to pack up and get out of the film business, the immediate saving in public funds would be just about enough to look after the deficit that is expected in the Post Office Department this year — the deficit that is being used as an excuse to put up postage rates. But that, of course, would be much too simple a procedure; besides, it would establish the unhealthy precedent of meeting expenses by eliminating unnecessary spending instead of increasing the price of government.

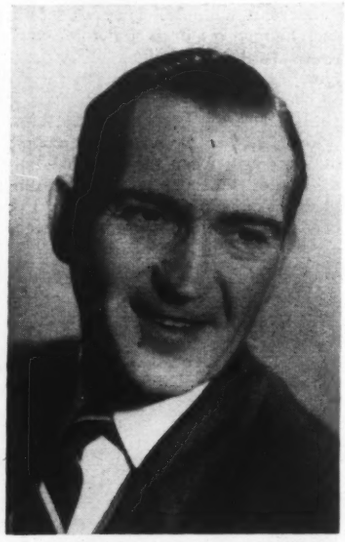
Show Producer

CURIOUS ABOUT the way a trade exhibition is pulled into shape, and about the people who do the pulling, we paid a visit, before its formal opening, to the First Annual Canadian National Boat Show, which has been drawing good crowds in Toronto since its unveiling a week ago last Friday. When we found the man in charge, Gerry Fitzgerald, he was motioning to a workman with one hand and picking up a telephone with the other. "It's impossible," he said into the phone. "Put it over there," he said to the workman. "Sit down," he said to us.

"You start something like this ten months in advance," he said. "You make floor plans, you contact people and offer them space. Nothing much seems to happen for a while, then everything happens at once. When we get word to start moving in, there are thousands of details and it's the job of the producer to look after them." The phone rang. "Yes, that's all in place," he said. "Everything's looked after." A workman shouted. "No," he shouted back, "you can't put that light there. It's too heavy."

"How did I get into this business?" He was back to us now. "It started, I suppose, 37 years ago, when I was eight years old. I started singing and somebody thought I should take lessons, which I did, here in Toronto. When I was 22, I was a tenor soloist at Sherbourne United Church. I became a radio announcer and did some stage work. I went to England for a holiday in May of 1934, intending to spend six weeks there and on the Continent. Then I planned to go to New York. But I got on the BBC as soon as I arrived and I was with them for 14 years, except for four years during the war. I did seven broadcasts a week, singing with Henry Hall and the BBC dance orchestra. I also did my first film in 1934, was in over 20 altogether, played some juvenile leads in revues and toured the variety houses. Before the war I had two spells on the Continent, one broadcasting for Radio Luxembourg and the other in Paris singing with the orchestra during the World Exhibition. Then early in 1941 I went into the Royal Air Force and four years later I was sent to the Far East as a staff officer—on the staff of Viscount Mountbatten, South-East Asia Command."

"Don't cover that hydrant," he told a workman. "Tell him I'll call back later," he told his secretary. "Let's see, I was in the Far East. I was based in Ceylon, did two tours across India, and was in Akyab, Rangoon, Singapore, and some other places. When I got back to London, I rejoined the BBC but I liked the East, and when I was offered a job with the Malayan Radio Union, I accepted. I headed out there by way of Canada. When I got here, I knew I couldn't leave—I was with my people again and there was such an exciting sense of energy and growth everywhere.



GERRY FITZGERALD

So I stayed—my Radio Union contract covered the possibility of resignation. I decided not to start a singing career here. I produced the First Canadian National Hobby Show in 1949. In October I went with the Springtime Exhibitions and was with them till last March. Then my associates and I formed International Show Services Limited, for the purpose of producing exhibitions and trade shows. And that's how I got into the exhibition business."

Century of Beards

WHAT P. G. Wodehouse has to say about beards, in his article on page 7 of this issue, reminded us of a bit of idle information we picked up recently. Exactly a hundred years ago, the Moustache Movement was causing considerable excitement among the ladies and gentlemen of Old London. Flowing mustachios became the rage of the haute monde, beards being added a little later as military heroes returned from the Crimea. A cartoon in a February, 1854, edition of *Punch* showed a "swell" fainting away on seeing a mere postman with an elegant lip adornment.

The postmen of that day, incidentally, were having a rough time. Not only did extra men have to be hired to carry the huge volume of Valentines sent during the first couple of weeks of February, but the deliveries had to be made in bitter weather. Roads were blocked with snow, the Thames was full of ice floes and there was skating in Regent's Park.

Mad Traffic

PEOPLE WHO have long been convinced that the traffic bully—the impatient horn-blower, the intersection smart-aleck, the highway weaver—is a mental case can get some satisfaction from a report made to the National Safety Council of the United States by Dr. Alan Canty, psychiatrist of Detroit's traffic clinic. Dr. Canty said that of 10,000 "problem drivers" referred to the clinic by the courts, 100 were found to be crazy enough to be committed to an asylum, 850 were feeble-minded and 1,000 were former inmates of mental hospitals. Most of the remainder, apparently, were "emotionally unstable". Now all that's needed is some way of spotting these people before they get licences to drive.

The Biggest City

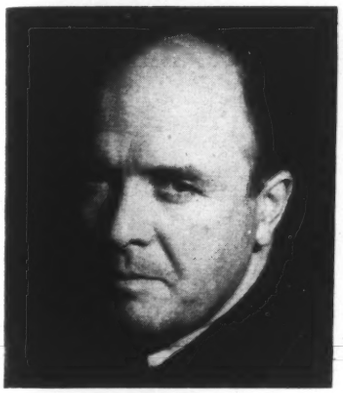
THERE ARE signs that the amused tolerance with which Montreal has always regarded Toronto is beginning to wear a bit thin. The process of erosion started during the war years, when the staid old Queen City of Ontario began to loosen her corsets and show signs of being, at heart, a pretty brazen hussy. It is in the last few months, however, that the worn spots have become really obvious. There was the start by Toronto on a subway; Montreal is still talking about one. There was the claim that Toronto was now the culinary capital of Canada; Montreal restaurateurs howled with anguish. Montreal countered Toronto's smug complaints about car-ownership by noting that it had five times as many taxicabs as there were in Toronto. But the touchiest point of all concerns population. Which of the two is now Canada's biggest city?

A brisk debate on this question has been going on in some provincial newspapers, but it should be settled by the reply a friend of ours got from Frederick G. Gardiner, chairman of the Municipality of Metropolitan Toronto. Here, in brief, is Mr. Gardiner's summary:

"If you are comparing the City of Montreal proper to the City of Toronto proper, Montreal is larger; the respective populations are 1,035,600 and 665,502. If you are comparing the fifteen municipalities which comprise what is generally known as Metropolitan Montreal, the population is 1,318,200 for Greater Montreal compared to 1,250,000 for the Municipality of Metropolitan Toronto. The difference, however, is that the Municipality of Metropolitan Toronto is established as a Municipal Corporation with the Metropolitan Council separate and distinct from the local municipalities comprising the Metropolitan area, while Greater Montreal is merely an assemblage of local municipalities each with its local government and with nothing comparable to the metropolitan form of government which exists in Metropolitan Toronto."

And that, we hope, is that.

Contemporary Artists Mirror The Troubled Times



JACK SHADBOLT of Vancouver.

Two Western Painters of Today

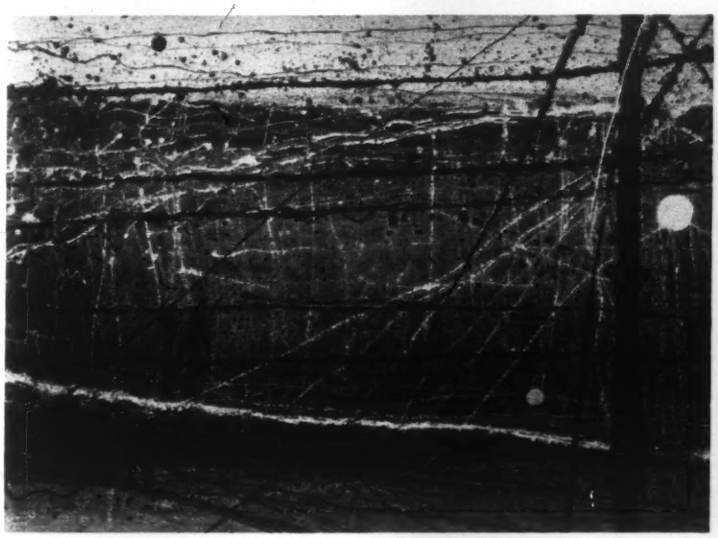
THIS WEEK, the Art Gallery of Toronto put some startling paintings on view. They are by two western Canadian painters who share a concern for the condition of modern man. Both artists have sought to express the constant war between Man and Nature—between his marriage to the earth and the commands of his restless spirit. One artist, Jack Shadbolt, comes from the Pacific Coast; the other, Roloff Beny, from the Prairies.

Alberta-born Beny is a cosmopolite. Born in Medicine Hat, he has spent most of the last six years away from Canada. He paints wherever he travels. Last year, in his Park Avenue apartment, he painted ten large "equivalents" of the third Chapter of Ecclesiastes, which begins "To everything there is a season, a time for every purpose under the heaven". "Ecclesiastes" is the feature of his Toronto exhibition.

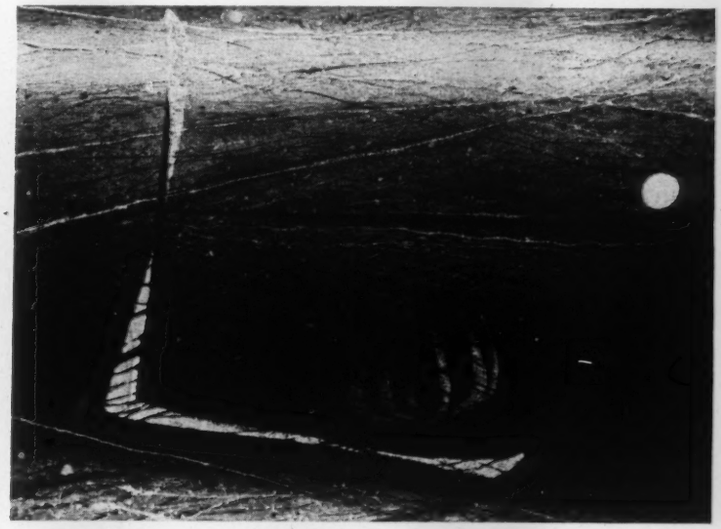
Jack Shadbolt was born in England, but came to Canada as a child. During the 1930s, he painted Indian reservations and the B.C. coast. Toward the end of World War II, he did a series of English "Bomb-Ruins" and landscapes of the Cornish coast. As a result of his war experiences, he began to paint bitter commentaries on the brutality of man.

PAUL DUVAL

ROLOFF BENY of Medicine Hat.



"A Time To Get, and A Time To Lose" by Roloff Beny is from the current show at the Art Gallery of Toronto. At 30, Beny is already an international art figure. His work hangs in outstanding collections and is owned by such celebrities as Otis E. Taylor, Frederic March, Julius Fleishmann, Anton Dolin and Peggy Guggenheim. This canvas is from the collection of Dr. Albert Parets of New York, where Beny recently had an important private showing.

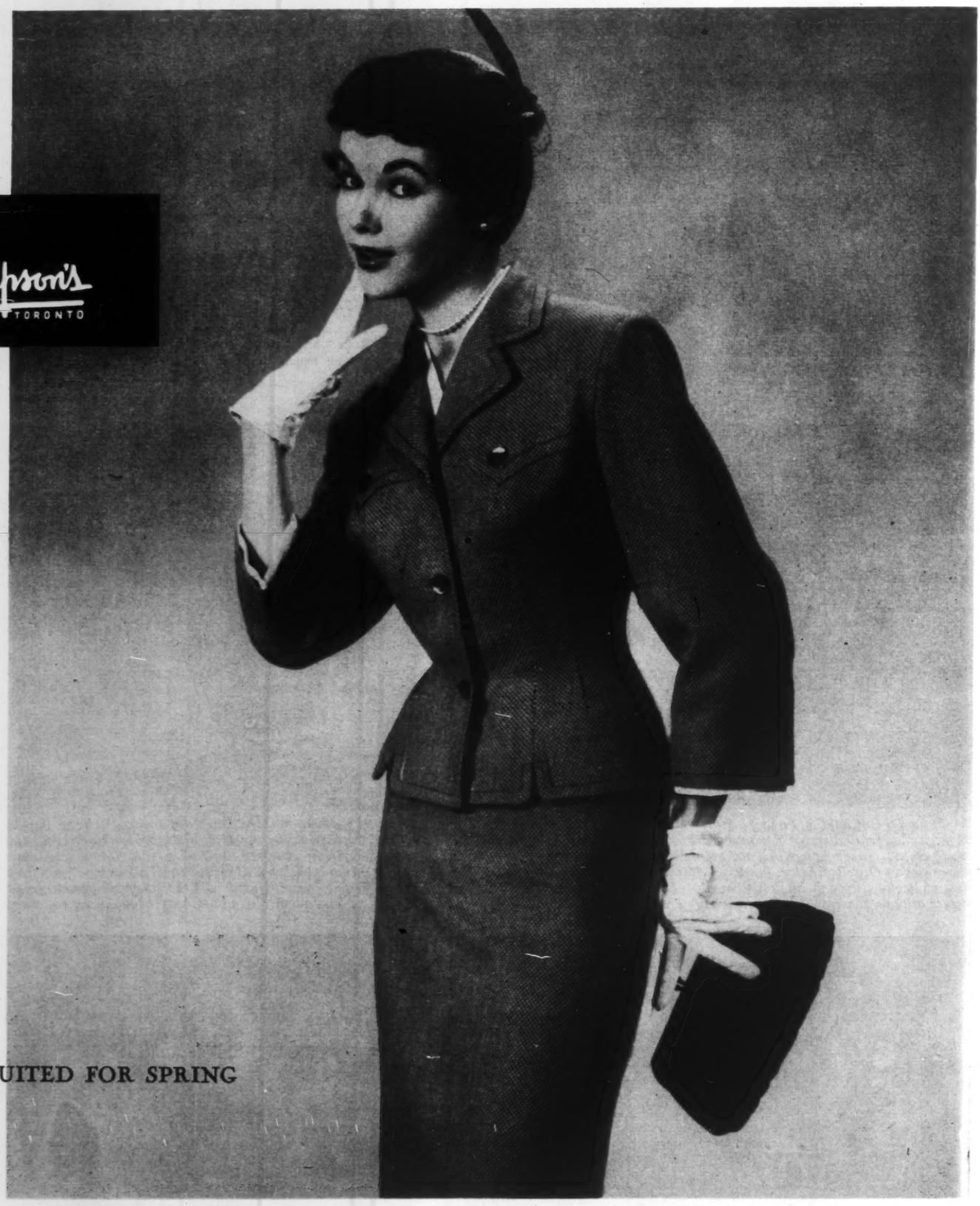


Since his graduation from Toronto's Trinity College, Beny has travelled and studied extensively in the U.S. and abroad, in Greece, Italy, France, Germany and Spain. He first attracted attention as a print-maker. He spent last year in Manhattan on a Guggenheim Fellowship. "A Time To Live, and A Time To Die" was painted in 1953 on gesso panel and is owned by Fred Mendel of Saskatoon. Canadians have been among his enthusiastic sponsors.

Jack Shadbolt's "Trophies" was painted in 1952. The forty-two year-old B.C. painter began to teach when he was nineteen. He has since divided his time between teaching and painting. His work incorporates totem symbols, skeletal figures and floral motifs. Much of his work is done in watercolor.

"Invaders" by Shadbolt shows his use of primitive forms. Spears, shields and mask figures indicate elemental forces at work beneath modern society. During World War II, he was acting administration officer for Canadian War Artists overseas. He is instructor and lecturer at the Vancouver Art School.

Simpson's
TORONTO



WELL SUITED FOR SPRING

Muted pastels, refreshing pique touches, short-cropped sleeves . . . these are the young manners that suit you softly in the Spring of the year. It's a Jacqmar tweed by Blin and Blin, softly tailored in finest pure wool . . . blue-with-grey, chartreuse-with-grey or pink-with-grey, sizes 10 to 16 included. each 79.95 . . . Fashion Floor, the Third, dept. 301.

PHONE TRINITY 8111 OR WRITE SIMPSON'S SHOPPING SERVICE, TORONTO

The Literary Critics: An Author's View

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

HAVING NOW as a writer reached the stage—one foot in the grave and the other not far off it—where I can legitimately come over a bit pompous and start giving advice to the youngsters, I would urge what are sometimes called commencing authors to make up their minds as soon as possible what is to be their attitude towards the critics. It is a question that sooner or later must be faced by everyone who takes pen in hand.

Literary critics as a class tend to err in the direction of overkindness. I once made the suggestion that they should all grow beards in order to increase their ferocity, and I still think there is something in this. All the great caustic critics of the Victorian era were bearded men who lambasted one and all because their beards made them bitter. They used to get into fights in clubs with bearded authors, thereby increasing the gaiety of nations more than somewhat. Today most critics are gentle souls who praise everything and rarely discover fewer than six geniuses a week.

But there are black sheep in every flock, and now and then you come across a hellhound like the one who referred to me in *The New Yorker* the other day as "that burbling pixie". It is with critics of this stamp that the young author must decide how he is going to deal.

Many people would counsel him to ignore hostile criticism, but to my thinking this is cowardly and he will be missing a lot of fun. A stinker should be answered with a letter, carefully composed and dispatched to the offices of whatever journal it is that the fiend in human shape infests. This letter can be either (a) conciliatory or (b) belligerent.

Specimen A. The conciliatory.

"Dear Mr. Worthington."

Not "Sir". "Sir" is abrupt. And, of course, don't say "Mr. Worthington" if the fellow's name is Egerton-Smith. Use your intelligence, Junior. I am only sketching the thing out on broad lines.

"Dear Mr. Worthington,

"I was extremely interested and impressed by your review in this week's *Scrutinizer* of my novel *Whither If Anywhere*, in which you say that my construction is lamentable, my dialogue leaden and my characters cardboard figures stuffed with sawdust, and advise me to give up writing and go into the hay, feed and corn business.

"Oddly enough, I *am* in the hay, feed and corn business, but I like to write in the evenings and I should hate to give it up, and I feel sure that, now that I have read your most erudite and helpful criticisms, I can correct the faults you mention and gradually improve my output until it meets with your approval. (And I need scarcely say that I would rather win the approval of Eustace Worthington than that of any other man in the world, for I have long been a sincere admirer of your admirable work.)

"I wonder if you would care to lunch with me one day and go further into the matter of my book and its many defects. Shall we say Claridge's some morning next week?

Yours faithfully,
A. A. Simmons

"P.S. What an excellent article that was of yours a few weeks ago on Certain Aspects Of The Lesser-Known Essayists Of The Eighteenth Century. I could not put it down.

"P.P.S. Are you fond of caviar?"

You can be sure that your next opus will receive at least one favorable review.

Specimen B. The belligerent.

"Sir!"

Not "Dear Sir". Weak. And not "You louse," which is strong but a little undignified. Myself, I have sometimes used "You fatheaded fool," but I prefer "Sir".

"Sir,

"So you think my book would disgrace a child of three with water on the brain, do you? And who are you to throw your weight about, you contemptible hack? If you were any good, you wouldn't be writing book reviews for a paper like the one you befoul with your idiotic contributions, the circulation of which, I happen to know, is confined exclusively to members of the proprietor's family.

"Your opinion, I may add, would carry more weight with me, did I not know, having met people who (with difficulty) tolerate your society, that you still owe your tailor for that pair of trousers he made for you in 1946 and that your landlady is threatening, if you don't pay your rent soon, to throw you out on the seat of them.

Yours faithfully,
J. Fred Muggs

"P.S. You can't even write English.

"P.P.S. Did you see the Amateur Boxing Finals last year? I was runner-up in the Heavyweights."

But don't send that sort of letter to the editor of the paper, because he always lets the critic shove in a reply in brackets at the end of it, thus giving him the last word and all the weary work to do over again.

Still, as I say, most critics are not like this one, but gentle souls with a good word for all, and I think we should all be very kind to them, for they have plenty of troubles of their own, notably the embarrassment of being in what you might call a cleft stick. I mean, they either write novels themselves or they don't, and they are vulnerable both ways. If they don't write novels, they are in the position of having "A fat lot you know about it. I'd like to see you write a novel yourself" hurled at them, while if they do happen to be novelists they get "My book rotten, eh? It was a dashed sight better than that last one of yours." This makes them jumpy and inclines them to start at sudden noises and in many cases to think that they are being followed about by little men with black beards.

There was a letter in one of the New York papers not long ago which made an interesting suggestion. It was at a time when Senator McCarthy and his buddies were burning books. The writer was all in favor of this. He said:

"If Senators McCarthy, Jenner and McCarran were given three large trucks, including on each two strong non-union helpers, and given a free hand to start burning books in a huge bonfire on the desolate plains of Indiana, the possibility of their burning, during their lifetime, a single book of the slightest merit would be negligible.

"And if, as I suggest, they burn on top of the pile each year seven book reviewers chosen at random by drawing straws, there would still be no noticeable loss to American literature."

It's not a bad idea.

Wide-World

P. G. WODEHOUSE: "Now and then you come across a hellhound like the one who referred to me . . . as 'that burbling pixie'."

Two Poems by Walter de la Mare

Jenny

I love her face—
That long, flat cheek,
Those eyes, dark pools wherein the light
Plays hide-and-seek;
Lank, questing ears
And soot-black lips—and yet a sight
Whereat an angel even might laugh outright,
And oh, that see-saw voice at dead of night!

"Stupid"?—not she!
Look, how sedate and calm and patient a soul
Peers out from that peaked wire-haired poll,
And luminous eye!
And see, she's turned her gentle head,
And there, her foal!

Deadalive

My inward world is strangely still;
It seems the wintry fog without
Into one's very wits may steal
And shut light, hope, ev'n fancy out.

Not a mouse stirring; not a glim
Of Man's lost microcosm! Why,
A child with his toy panoram
Is better off than I!

Yes, and some dolt's mislaid the map!
Life has forsaken this poor mind;
Ev'n Memory has shut up shop,
And then pulled down the blind.

Alas, through all Man's centuries
No wizard yet has forged the key
To unlock at will the cell where lies
The Mage of Dream, called Fantasy.

Worse; even with one's heart for bait,
The soul may stagnant be, and numb;
Love may stand weeping at the gate,
And yet refuse a crumb!

AGAIN in 1953...

PURCHASES OF LIFE INSURANCE FROM THE LONDON LIFE REACHED AN ALL-TIME RECORD FOR CANADA

Total exceeded $371 million —over one million dollars for every day of the year

Canadians bought more life insurance in 1953 than ever before—and a new record was reached in the $371 million purchased from the London Life Insurance Company. This was $32 million more than 1952, which constituted the previous high mark.

Life insurance in force increased by over $298 million and now exceeds two and three-quarter billion dollars. Well over a million Canadians are insured with the London Life.

Payments to policyholders and beneficiaries increased to almost $27 million for the year, with payments to living policyholders more than twice the amount paid in death claims.

In the Sickness and Accident Branch, benefit payments reached a new high total of over $5½ million. Over 125,000 separate payments were made during the year.

HIGHLIGHTS of the ANNUAL REPORT	
Life insurance issued	*$371,000,000*
—an increase over 1952 of	32,000,000
Life insurance in force	*$2,781,000,000*
—an increase of	298,000,000
Payments to policyholders and beneficiaries	*$26,900,000*
—an increase of	2,500,000
Sickness and Accident benefit payments	*$5,600,000*
—an increase of	800,000
New mortgage investments in 1953	*$48,000,000*
—an increase of	14,000,000
Total Assets	*$447,000,000*
—an increase of	38,000,000
Surplus Funds	*$16,400,000*
—an increase of	1,200,000

New mortgage loans totalling $48 million were made in 1953, principally for the provision of new dwellings for people in all parts of Canada. There are now in effect more than 31,000 individual mortgage loans. Total assets are more than $447 million and exceed liabilities by $16 million, this surplus fund providing additional protection to policyholders.

The safeguarding of family living standards and the provision of money for the future are of paramount importance to Canadians. To maintain high levels of efficiency in serving clients, training schools for salesmen and office employees were carried on throughout the year. The emphasis is constantly on protection plans providing maximum insurance coverage and low net cost to policyholders.

The London Life enters its 80th year well prepared to carry on its traditions of service, to present and new clients, through its 1,300 field representatives and its 75 branch offices across Canada.

For a more detailed account of the Company's business in 1953, write the London Life head office, or call one of our branch offices for a copy of the Annual Report booklet.

London Life INSURANCE COMPANY

Head Office: London, Canada

Television

The Big Snafu

TELEVISION, like politics, makes strange bedfellows, and here I am resting alongside the Borden Co. in a condemnation of CBC-TV variety programs. A couple of weeks ago the Toronto *Telegram* reported that the Borden Co. wanted to buy a Canadian variety show, but wasn't satisfied with anything CBC-TV had to offer in that line. Until Canadian television variety shows improve, the company will sponsor a new half-hour drama, imported into Canada on kinescope. This looks like a long wait from the front of my TV set, but I will watch to see what the Borden Co. will do, for I am convinced that if any company knows cheese when it sees it, it is Borden's.

The Canadian Broadcasting Corporation occasionally tries to descend from its high "cultural" pinnacle to the entertainment level of its audience. When it does, its performance is as embarrassing to the viewer as watching a professor do the splits.

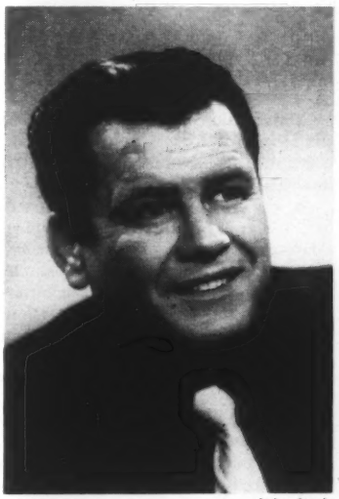
The weekly CBC program that brings on this critique, however, is a sad little item called The Big Revue, which will do little to improve Toronto's relations with its sister Canadian cities. This tidbit invades the living rooms of those television viewers in our part of the country who are not watching "The Life Of Riley" over Buffalo, Rochester and Syracuse stations from 8.30 to 9.30 every Friday evening.

For several weeks now I have watched "The Big Revue" in the hope that something — anything — would break up its tedium and bring it to near par with its American counterparts, but I am sorry to report that to date my hopes have been dashed to pieces on the twin rocks of CBC lack of professionalism and government-subsidized arrogance. For the past year and a half the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation has been telling the Canadian people that it was only a question of time before the wrinkles were ironed out of its TV programs, and begging them to have faith in their home-grown talent. Gentlemen, faith is not enough; that's why they put lightning rods on church steeples.

"The Big Revue" suffers from several basic flaws. In the first place it is an amateur production (though employing professionals) that attempts to compete with highly professional shows of its kind from the United States. It has been described as a televised Sunday-school concert, but to me it is a reminder of the movie-house amateur shows of twenty years ago, and I find myself waiting impatiently for some of the performers to be dragged from the stage.

Secondly, the show tries to reach an easy-going camaraderie with its audience, but it never quite comes off. The master of ceremonies, Bud Knapp, seems to be a nice guy who knows his business, but his gimmick of sitting on a stool in the wings, and from it announcing the next item on the program, is carrying informality a little too far.

The two main ingredients of a variety show are fast pacing and unity, with the comedy skits tying the dances and songs (or vice versa) together in a well-rounded and balanced performance. This is not the case with "The Big Revue", which succeeds in remaining a hodge-podge of seven-a-day vaudeville acts that run the gamut from unicycle performers to interpretative dancers, and from allegedly humorous skits lampooning various phases of Canadiana to some very fine song numbers sung by George



John Steele

GEORGE MURRAY: A saving grace.

Murray, Phyllis Marshall and one or two other vocalists who have appeared on the program lately.

The dancing may be excellent sometimes, as was the case recently when Grace Thomas and Peter Hamilton gave their version of the Waltz from *Carousel*, but usually it involves several young people of both sexes who are billed as The Revue Dancers, and who bound around the stage with a grim abandonment, the reason for which I have been unable to fathom up to now. Perhaps I have a natural aversion to male interpretative and classical dancers, but this feeling is heightened as far as "The Big Revue" is concerned by the fact that either the stage is too small for such carryings-on or the cameras are too close. Dancing loses its effect when the dancers are performing practically on the knees of the audience, and the camera close-up, while a wonderful discovery for showing Clark Gable kissing Myrna Loy, was not intended to show the over-eager mugging of chorus boys.

The producers of "The Big Revue" seem to have dipped deep into the barrel to find comedy teams for their production, yet their search apparently has seldom spread further than the wall limits of CBC Toronto's Jarvis St. Kremlin. These producers (and they are not alone by any means among the civil servant-cum-dilletante crowd which rides the Government's radio and television gravy train) have tried their best to make comedians out of dramatic actors, vocalists, announcers, masters of ceremony, and hard-to-define characters whom they probably kidnapped from the cafeteria during the coffee break. Their slogan seems to be, "We've discovered a money-making caper; why share it with outsiders?"

So far this season the show has come up with comedy performances of a sort by the following Canadian radio and television types: Bruce Belfrage and Howard Milson, Sam Sales and Rod Coneybeare, Peggy Loder and Bud Knapp, Frank Peppiatt and John Aylesworth, and Johnny Wayne and Frank Shuster. I failed to catch the Wayne and Shuster Christmas show, so I am in no position to pass judgment on their act, but the others, whom I *did* see, all turned in performances that were fourth-class Martin and Lewis, which is almost as bad as comedy can get.

Although the featured comedy can best be described as tedious, some unrehearsed comic bits do slip in here and there. These are of the kind usually observed in amateur school productions of *She Stoops To Conquer*, with the addition of some new ones that the program has invented itself. Occasionally the cameras will pick up a view of a stagehand moving a prop, or a technician will cross the stage between the camera and a performer. At times it appears that somebody in the control booth is suffering from an advanced case of delayed sensory perception, for the camera has strayed from the centre of the action and has come to rest on people standing in the wings, or on a brick wall festooned with lengths of coiled rope. On one show an unknown genius painted white lines fore and aft across the stage for the first skit, which was a street scene. Unfortunately, the same lines appeared from then on throughout the show, whether the setting was a drawing room or a farmyard on Tobacco Road.

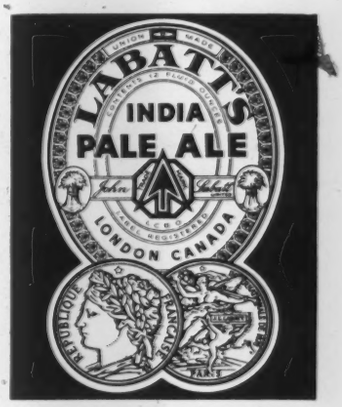
As I mentioned before, the singing of Phyllis Marshall and George Murray is of a high calibre, and can be compared favorably with anything the American networks have to offer. Some of the other vocalists have come up with good performances now and again, but in general their efforts reflect the low level of the rest of the show. The orchestra, conducted by Samuel Hersenhoren, gives excellent support, with the type of fast lively music that a variety show should have. It is a shame that what the orchestra supports can best be described as a limp balloon, with the exception of the aforementioned vocalists.

On Friday, January 8, the title of the opening production number, in which all the cast participated, was "Everybody Loves Saturday Night". If they happened to mean this magazine, which I doubt, I'm afraid that it is a case of unrequited love.

HUGH GARNER

The ALE of a MAN'S dreams

Ever dream of great discovery . . . like finding a *man's* ale that really deserves a *man's* attention? Dream no longer—have an I.P.A. Here's the ale that's mellow and tangy, zestful and satisfying—a real man's drink at last. Enjoy this vigorous ale at home or in your favourite hotel or tavern. Call for Labatt's* India Pale Ale, the man's ale that's opening new worlds of satisfaction. John Labatt Limited.



The swing is definitely to

LABATT'S

BUY YOUR BOOKS
FROM
BURNILL'S
BOOKSHOP
100 YONGE ST., TORONTO
Mail Orders over $5.00 Postpaid

· BOOKS ·
FROM
PRIVATE COLLECTION
CANADIANA - AMERICANA
FIRST EDITIONS
TRAVEL — EARLY NOVELS
Write for catalogues.
ANTIQUE SALON
HENRY MORGAN
& CO. LIMITED
Montreal P.Q.

Pinehurst
NORTH CAROLINA
GOLF in a climate just right for Canadians
The cool, invigorating, pine-scented air makes Pinehurst the ideal place for Canadians to spend the winter – or a short holiday. Not hot or humid and not too cold for golf at its best. 4 famous courses. Fine hotels – good food – courteous service. Moderate rates. The large winter colony of Canadians enjoy the congenial country club atmosphere. Also riding, bowling on the green and dancing. For reservations, write Pinehurst, Inc., 36 Dogwood Road, Pinehurst, N.C.

By Appointment
Scotch Whisky Distillers
to the late King George VI
W. M. Sanderson & Son, Ltd., Leith
'Quality Tells'
VAT 69
Finest
SCOTCH WHISKY
BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND

Ottawa Letter

Housing, Eskimos and the Seaway

THE PROCEEDINGS of the House of Commons have continued to be decorous and uninspiring; there have only been intermittent glints of liveliness and none of humor. The Government's new housing legislation, however, produced an interesting debate and a surprising number of members revealed an informed knowledge of the housing problem. The bill was severely criticized by all the parties in opposition on different grounds.

The Progressive Conservatives, whose chief spokesman, Donald Fleming, made a long and well-reasoned speech, took the line that most of the bill simply re-enacted the existing law, and that, while some of its provisions might help to alleviate the present housing shortage, others, unless wisely and prudently applied, were fraught with danger to the whole economy of Canada. The CCF argued that it showed much more concern for insuring the banks against losses of the money they are now being authorized to lend on mortgages than for meeting the urgent need of people in the low-income brackets for houses at reasonable prices or rents. For the Social Crediters, George Hahn, a new member, argued that the Government should follow the example of the Brazilian Government, which, by creating new money through the issuance of treasury notes, had financed a housing scheme enabling between 70 and 75 per cent of the people of Brazil to own their own homes.

A debate on January 19 on a bill amending the statute dealing with the administration of the Northwest Territories, provided an illustration of a deplorable lack of ministerial fairness. In this debate, R. R. Knight of Saskatoon (CCF) drew the attention of Jean Lesage, the Minister in charge of the bill, to certain allegations made in a book called *People of the Deer* written by Farley Mowat, who had resided for a period in the Barren Lands. In this book, Mr. Mowat had charged that the Government had shown a culpable apathy about the plight of a tribe of Eskimos, the Ihalmiuts, who had been coaxed away from their traditional way of life and had then been left to face starvation.

Mr. Lesage denied categorically the accuracy of the allegations but Mr. Knight stoutly maintained that they were true. Further exchanges disclosed that Dr. A. E. Porsild, who is a recognized authority upon the Northwest Territories and has been in the employ of the Government, had written a monograph refuting the charges of Mr. Mowat and that the latter had produced a rejoinder to Dr. Porsild's brochure. Thereupon A. Rodney Adamson (PC) proposed that Dr. Porsild's document should be made available to the House and Mr. Lesage blithely agreed to have it mimeographed and distributed. Mr. Knight then declared that in all fairness, the same publicity should be accorded Mr. Mowat's reply.

Faced with this perfectly proper demand, Mr. Lesage took the line that he could see no reason for prolonging the controversy and announced that nothing would be mimeographed. But, as Mr. Adamson said, these serious allegations were either true or false and the House was entitled to examine the expert testimony available on both sides. Here was a Minister blandly trying to publish the evidence favorable to his case and to suppress adverse testimony.

SATISFACTION in Ottawa over the action of the Senate of the United States in passing by a comfortable majority the bill authorizing American co-operation in the construction of the St. Lawrence Waterway is tempered by a realization that its endorsation by the House of Representatives will require all the pressure that the Eisenhower administration can apply.

In a speech delivered in Montreal, Mr. Chevrier, Minister of Transport, admitted that the prospects of the bill in the lower House were "most uncertain" and he followed up this observation by rather contradictory statements. In one breath he seemed to imply clearly that his Government was ready to go ahead with the all-Canadian scheme for the waterway at any time, and in the next breath he spoke about the need for giving the United States reasonable time to make up its mind about co-operation. It is not improbable that the Government, faced with omens of a business slowdown which could reduce Federal revenues and involve special outlays for the relief of unemployment, has now become more fearful of the costs of the all-Canadian scheme and is therefore more anxious for American co-operation than it was a year ago. But it is also eager for an early start at the work on the waterway as a means of absorbing some of the increasing flock of unemployed people.

THE untimely death of Hume Wrong, Under-Secretary for External Affairs, at the age of 59, when he was in the prime of his powers, deprives our Government of one of its ablest civil servants. He inherited a double strain of fine mental powers: from his maternal grandfather, Edward Blake, who, for sheer intellectual ability, has had no peer in Canadian public life, and from his father, Professor George M. Wrong, who was the real founder of sound historical teaching in Canada. For Hume Wrong the value of this heritage was increased by a first-class education at Ridley College and the Universities of Toronto and Oxford.

During the First World War, he served with great credit first in the British infantry and later in the Royal Air Force. After the war, he followed for some years in his father's footsteps by teaching history in the University of Toronto and writing a standard history of the government of the West Indies and a life of the explorer, Alexander Mackenzie. In 1927 he forsook the academic groves to become one of the first recruits to our newly organized diplomatic service and during the next 26 years his special qualifications for it enabled him to render invaluable service at different posts: Washington, Geneva, London and Ottawa. He attained the rank of Ambassador in 1946 and his vigilant and successful stewardship of Canada's interests at Washington after his appointment was his most important work.

Hume Wrong had a rare faculty for penetrating to the heart of problems, grasping their essential difficulties and evolving feasible solutions for them. Moreover, his literary skill made him a first-class draftsman of despatches and state papers, and his passion for lucidity forbade misinterpretation of the meaning of any document which he wrote. Speech-making was not his forte and he never conceived it to be the function of an Ambassador to cater to the American craving for oratory. His prestige at Washington, which was equally high with Democrats and Republicans and with all his diplomatic associates, was based upon respect for his gifts as a negotiator and conciliator and admiration for his intellectual powers and attractive personality. His habitual indisposition to suffer fools gladly earned him in some quarters a reputation for intellectual arrogance, but a large circle of devoted friends and admirers both inside and outside of Canada, who had found that his charm of manner, his wide range of intellectual interests and his vein of ironic humor made him a very congenial companion, knew that the charge was unfair and that he was the reverse of a "superior person". His death is widely mourned in Ottawa and the Government, which had been counting upon him to relieve Mr Pearson of onerous administrative burdens, will find his place hard to fill.

JOHN A. STEVENSON

Capital Press
TRANSPORT MINISTER CHEVRIER

Lighter Side

Thwartings

I'VE BEEN READING recently with considerable awe some extracts from Mrs. Dale Carnegie's best seller, *How to Help Your Husband Get Ahead*. The method advocated by Mrs. Carnegie sounds both simple and formidable. You assess your husband's tastes, temperament and natural direction; then you get behind and push.

The trouble with most of us, the author points out, is that we are confused and aimless and don't try to find our natural direction. I've been thinking this over, too, and I wonder what Mrs. Carnegie would do about the husband whose natural direction *is* confusion and aimlessness.

First there is the case of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Burbage. Mr. Burbage, who used to work in a bank, was aimless but not confused. Mrs. Burbage on the other hand was confused, but far from aimless. I've been trying to reconstruct a conversation in the Burbage living-room just prior to Mr. Burbage's disappearance, and it runs something like this:

Mrs. Burbage: Dear, don't you get tired of sticking in that bank year after year counting out sordid old money?

Mr. Burbage: Well, it's a living. Besides Miss Musgrove does most of the work.

Mrs. Burbage: I know, but I've been assessing your tastes and temperament recently and I really think you should try to find a new direction. How about playing the piano?

It was shortly after this conversation that Mr. Burbage used his nice light touch to clean out the bank vault. He then disappeared to Rio de Janeiro, accompanied by Miss Musgrove, a girl who didn't push but just went along.

The case of Monsieur and Madame Gaugin is even more celebrated. M. Gaugin also had a job in the bank, but was neither aimless nor confused. Mme. Gaugin appears to have been both. At this date we can only guess at the interchange between the Gaugins prior to M. Gaugin's famous disappearance. Possibly it went like this:

Mrs. Gaugin: Well, what if they do advance by seniority and you won't reach Junior Executive Row till you're ninety? Isn't that worth waiting for? After all, what do you *want* to do?

M. Gaugin: Paint.

Mme. Gaugin: Well, if that's all, go ahead. I've been after you about it ever since the spring. You'll find the brushes soaking in the turpentine jar.

M. Gaugin: I don't want to paint the kitchen. I want to paint pictures.

Mme. Gaugin: Yes, but how do you know that's your natural direction? I was reading this piece in the paper and it said it wasn't enough for the husband to know where he was heading, the wife had to know too. Then they can make long-range plans together.

As it turned out, of course, M. Gaugin's long-range plan, which didn't include Mme. Gaugin, was to head for Tahiti. Did Mme. Gaugin give the wrong advice? Does Mrs. Carnegie?

And finally, there are Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Taylor Coleridge whose case, I am told, Mrs. Carnegie cites somewhere as a horrible example of the depressing effect a wife may have on the career of a talented husband. An interchange between the Coleridges might conceivably have gone as follows:

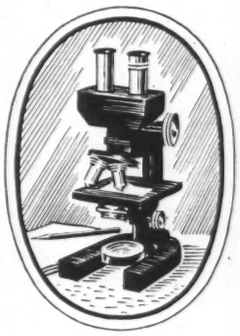
Mrs. Coleridge: The trouble with you is you're just confused and aimless and never set out in a sensible direction. Heaven knows, I haven't much use for Charlie Lamb, but at least he does go to India House every single day nine to four.

Mr. Coleridge: Oh, these puny thwartings and unintermitted dyspathies!

Mrs. Coleridge: And look at the people you hang around with! Now I suppose you'll go rushing off to the Wordsworths, as if the Wordsworths would ever get you anywhere . . . etc., etc.

If Coleridge had had the right kind of wife, who didn't upset him with thwartings and dyspathies but pushed him energetically towards the goal she had selected, he might have been a highly successful man. He might even have become General Manager of India House.

MARY LOWREY ROSS



Your stake in the search for Better Health

Everyone has a vital interest in science's efforts to help us live longer. But life insurance policyholders have a *special stake* in this work.

You see, certain important medical research projects are supported wholly or in part by funds from all the life insurance companies in Canada with their millions of policyholders. As a result, skilled scientists in many Canadian medical research centres can carry on their task of attacking some of mankind's deadliest enemies. Their names: cancer, heart ailments, tuberculosis and poliomyelitis.

Other vital studies are supported in a similar way. These focus on processes of ageing, cellular growth, dental hygiene, pregnancy complications, thyroid hormones, blood clotting and asthma, to mention but a few.

Will all these efforts help you and your family to live longer, healthier lives?

Yes! Thanks chiefly to the advance of modern medicine, babies born today can expect to live about 20 years longer than those of 50 years ago. Many dread diseases have been banished or controlled. Ahead lies further progress that will surely benefit you and yours.

And, if you are a life insurance policyholder, you also have the satisfaction of knowing you have *participated* in this program designed to bring the blessings of good health to all!

AT YOUR SERVICE!

A trained life underwriter — representing one of the more than 50 Canadian, British and United States life insurance companies in Canada — will gladly help you plan now for your family's security and your own needs in later years. Rely on him!

THE LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES IN CANADA

"It is Good Citizenship to own Life Insurance"

L-953FM

Meet a ½ Billion Dollar Man

He's not just one person but a symbol of many people in the past and in the present. He is Mr. Manufacturers Life — the sum of all the men who have represented the Company since it was organized in 1887. He is the man who for more than 66 years has shown his fellow citizens how Manufacturers Life policies can provide a sure way to protect their families and to save for the future. He is the man who helped arrange Life Insurance contracts that since 1887 have paid benefits of over $500,000,000.

The Manufacturers Life's 67th Annual Report reveals that during 1953 alone the benefits paid to policyholders and the families of those who died reached a record total of $30,179,781. Assets of the Company also passed the ½ billion figure during the year and now total $540,282,970. A record volume of $245,143,512 of new insurance was purchased by over 39,000 clients in 1953. Total Insurance and retirement protection in force is $1,744,984,094.

During 1953 the Manufacturers Life completed an eleven storey addition to its Head Office. The new building incorporates many time saving features to speed the flow of service to an ever increasing number of policyholders.

THE MANUFACTURERS LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

HEAD OFFICE (Established 1887) TORONTO, CANADA

Send for your FREE copy today

164 ILLUSTRATED PAGES
20 PAGES IN FULL COLOR

1954 SEED and NURSERY BOOK

The finest and largest Catalog we have ever issued, now 164 pages, all to help you enjoy the loveliest garden ever. Many fine new things like Bush Form Sweet Peas, a Miracle Flower that changes color every day, Salvias so early they flower in the seed flat, Miniature Glads, Giant Hybrid Begonias and Gloxinias, Baby Orchid, New Roses, Crimson King Maple, latest Hybrid Vegetables, Large Fruited Strawberries from seed, Nursery Stock, Bulbs, Houseplants, Garden Chemicals, Supplies, etc. Send today. 101W

DOMINION SEED HOUSE GEORGETOWN ONTARIO

Foreign Affairs

Should Communists Be Allowed to Think?

AT THE END of my first day in Yugoslavia I wrote in my notebook that Communism in Yugoslavia is unlike any Communism we have been used to for the past quarter-century, because it has freed itself from Stalinism and the servile conformity which Stalin imposed.

Even so, the expulsion of Vice-President Milovan Djilas has been conducted in a remarkable manner. The recorded proceedings of the meeting of the Central Committee were broadcast the next day. Djilas was given as much time as Tito, who opened the accusations against him.

Tito even referred to Djilas (who is only 42 but a comrade from prewar days) by his familiar nicknames, Djidi and Djido. He admitted that he himself was guilty to some extent in this affair, because Djilas had written him last fall and asked, "How would you like, old man, to look over my writings and tell me what you think of them?" Tito said he had answered: "You know there are certain things with which I don't agree, but most of what you write is good and I don't think you should stop saying it."

Now what did Djilas write that stirred up the Communist Party and the whole country? He wrote that the Leninist type of Party and State was outmoded, as must always happen when revolutionary conditions no longer exist and democracy has begun to live.

He suggested that the Communist Party had pretty much played out its role, that many of its members could be "pensioned off", their work well done, and that it was no longer necessary to hold regular Party meetings, with compulsory attendance of members. "The basic organizations of the Union of Communists have no substance in their work; in general they don't know what to do . . ." He also avers that many people have simply used Party membership as a stepping-stone to a career.

As though this were not enough for one of the leading Party theoreticians and one of the two or three most likely successors to Marshal Tito to put before the comrades and the non-comrades to think about, Djilas also published a sharp criticism of the waspish conduct of the "inner circle" of wives of the leaders towards the young actress wife of the Chief of Staff, Dapcevic. Human nature being what it is, it was this article that brought action by the Central Committee.

Tito's chief complaint was that Djilas did not even mention the working class, and its predominant role. "There is a tendency these days for a great many people to say, "What use are the workers? They can't manage things. Let them stick to their factories'," Tito regretted that Djilas no longer saw any class enemies, and thought that the comrade has been visiting too much with his Western friends (Aneurin Bevan and Co.).

Then Djilas took the microphone. He did not pretend that all of his ideals were correct, though he, personally, was convinced that they were. He had become convinced that they had entered upon a stage where they might engage in discussion without any danger to the movement; here he cited the unexpected show of national unity in the Trieste crisis.

Djilas was "not against our system as a whole". But he thought that "our new, progressive, cultural development demanded a metamorphosis of former ideological views, including those held by Lenin". He argued that one could be at the same time a free man and a Communist. He was prepared to renounce his writings if the leadership thought they were harmful to their political work, "no matter what I might think of such a system of work", and to apologize for his article on the wives of the leaders.

IN THE discussion, all but one speaker opposed Djilas. The biographer of Tito, Vladimir Dedijer, said that many authors had been pressed to oppose Djilas, but had refused. There was a depression in the whole Yugoslav cultural world, he said, due to the pressure for conformity.

One Central Committee member, Krste Crvenkovski, admitted that "we in Macedonia had been on the whole accepting Comrade Djilas's articles until the announcement of the Central Committee". This was, of course, because they "had not examined them too closely". But it seems they had read them closely enough for the articles to have "caused a terrific confusion, disorientation and even disillusion among good Communists".

But perhaps the most interesting revelation of all was by the foreign editor of *Borba*, Vlahovic. Basically he had agreed with the Djilas articles, and he thought that *Borba* should publish such thought-stimulating material. But he was worried over the reaction to publication. "I received no remarks from the members of the Central Committee on these articles, with one exception, so I discussed this with Comrade Djilas himself. He agreed with me that the reports of the repercussions to his articles which we were then receiving from the country should not be published in the paper . . . Only yesterday I received the thanks of two comrades for not having published their letters."

WILLSON WOODSIDE

Persona Grata

Alias Sarah Smith

WINSTON CHURCHILL is the name of a twentieth-century novelist with a military and political background, and Sarah Churchill is described as "a brilliant woman, possessed of boundless energy." Yet, however apt they appear, these descriptions do not pertain to the British prime minister and his talented daughter.

One of the Winston Churchills known to the world was born in St. Louis, graduated from the U.S. Naval Academy, was active in New Hampshire politics and wrote such historical romances as *Richard Carvel, The Inside of the Cup,* and *The Uncharted Way*. The first Sarah Churchill to find fame was the wife of the eminent English general and statesman John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, and a power behind the throne of Queen Anne.

"Which only goes to show," the second Sarah Churchill contends, "that it isn't what's in a name that counts, but what one makes of it. Personally, I don't think it would have made much difference if I'd been born Sarah Smith."

Miss Churchill, whose ancestors have made history since the days of the duke, has made a name for herself as a movie, stage and television actress. She is currently hostess of *Hall of Fame,* a distinguished NBC-TV dramatic presentation.

Sarah could be wrong in this matter of names, but bases her belief on the fact that she began her career as Sarah Smith. In London in 1936, as one of "Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies" in the chorus of the C. B. Cochran musical *Follow the Sun,* she made her professional debut as a dancer. Her father felt that she shouldn't be unduly exploited, so she was signed on under the pseudonym.

"Miss Smith" understudied Claire Luce, and soon demonstrated that the two years she had previously put in studying tap, ballet and acrobatic dancing had not been in vain. Six months later, she toured the provinces with a repertory company and eventually played a wide variety of parts in London neighborhood theatres. She went into the West End in 1941, in a revival of *Outward Bound*.

A line repeated several times in the play ran, "I've a feeling we're all dead." After the first big air raid on the British capital, understandably enough, audiences didn't appreciate the emphasis gained by repetition. It was finally decided that *Outward Bound* wasn't the best wartime entertainment, and its run was summarily terminated.

After she had established herself, Sarah started using her own name. She did so on the advice of Cochran, who no doubt figured it would either make her or break her. Certainly, the weight of Winnie's reputation has been something of a burden, and she has had to work twice as hard and be three times as good because of it. Like her father, however, she has an innate desire to succeed, readily recognizes her own failings and, most important, has a rhino-like resistance to criticism. She is probably well aware that, no matter how she may labor or how much ability she may display, there will always be someone ready to say that she got where she is on the strength of her name.

"Audiences expect so much of Miss Churchill," commented critic John Mason Brown. "They feel cheated if she doesn't enter smoking a cigar, wearing a siren suit, speaking lines about fighting on the beaches, making jokes like 'some chicken, some neck' or looking like John Bull. But what kind of drama, or part, could she hope to find that would ever be truly Churchillian?"

SARAH looks as little like John Bull as anyone I know. Standing 5 feet 5 inches, she has a graceful, well-proportioned figure (which she attributes to England's austerity diet and "sandwich life" in the U.S.), inquisitive green eyes and a patrician profile. Her classic features are said to resemble those of her paternal grandmother, Brooklyn-born beauty Jennie Jerome. Photographer Tony Beauchamp terms her one of the most beautiful women ever to come before his camera. His appreciation is more than professional, inasmuch as they were married in the fall of 1949, a few months after he had photographed her for a magazine cover. She was previously wed to English entertainer Vic Oliver, whom she divorced in 1945, following a marriage of nine years.

While waiting to be discharged from the Women's Auxiliary Air Force at the war's end, Sarah enrolled in some vocational training classes and tried her hand at producing and directing plays. When she got out of uniform she decided to concentrate on acting, "a career that grows with you instead of away from you and, even if you live to be a hundred, can keep you active all of your life." The choice was Churchillian because, every bit as much as Sir Winston would be expected to, she dreads even the thought of a day in which she would have nothing to do.

Two Italian movies, *When in Rome* and *Daniele Cortis,* resulted in her being put under contract by J. Arthur Rank and, in 1947, she also returned to the London stage in *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*. One of the first films to win her recognition from Canadians and Americans was *Spring Meeting,* but it took *All Over the Town* to bring her to North America and make it possible for her to parlay a proposed four-day visit into a four-year U.S. acting career.

"I shall always bless Torontonians,"

Happy Choice in Bermuda

THE Castle Harbour

HOTEL...GOLF, BEACH AND YACHT CLUB

Bermuda's largest Seaside Resort, 180-acre estate . . . largest private beach, pool, all sports . . . adjoins championship Mid-Ocean golf course . . . 300 outside rooms with sweeping views . . . shops.

RICHARD M. TOOHILL, *Gen. Mgr.*

Beautiful color folders are available

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR

William P. Wolfe Organization, Rep.

Dept. SN, 92 Adelaide St. West, Toronto

Also Boston, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Chicago, and New York

SAIL THE "SPANISH MAIN"

this winter Empress of Scotland

WEST INDIES CRUISES

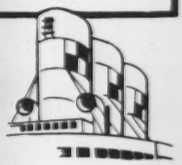
Canadian Pacific again offers you two wonderful West Indies cruises aboard the deluxe Empress of Scotland, visiting St. Thomas, St. Lucia, La Guaira, Curacao, Cristobal, Canal Zone, Havana, Port of Spain, Jamaica and other gay ports-of-call. No passports required. Cruise membership limited to 425. Reserve now.

Full information on itineraries from your travel agent or any Canadian Pacific office.

CHOOSE FROM 2 CRUISES—LEAVING NEW YORK

February 17	March 9
18 day cruise—from $450	17 day cruise—from $425

Canadian Pacific



she told me, "and Canadian newspaperwomen in particular. I came to Canada to help Mr. Rank open some theatres and would have returned to England almost immediately if I hadn't been invited to be guest of honor at the 1949 Byline Ball. Because I was staying over for it, I decided to go to New York afterwards for the opening of *All Over the Town*. While I was there, the Theatre Guild asked me to do a ten-week tour in *The Philadelphia Story*. I must say that was a stroke of luck, for it gave me a chance to tone down my accent. I knew there was nothing wrong with Mr. Barry's lines so whenever I spoke a funny one and didn't get a laugh, I knew the audience hadn't understood me."

Four years ago, she invaded Hollywood and appeared with Fred Astaire in *The Royal Wedding*. The following year, she tackled Broadway as the star of *Gramercy Ghost*, a feeble farce in which she portrayed a modern American girl who was bothered by the shade of one of Washington's Ragged Continentals. It may have been surprising to hear Winston Churchill's daughter turn against the Redcoats and endorse the Spirit of 1776 so convincingly, but the critics agreed that she "added what breath and brightness the play possessed."

For the past two years, Sarah has satisfied her yen to act in television alone. She has twice appeared with Maurice Evans, as Ophelia in *Hamlet* and the queen in *Richard II*. Her video roles have been on the serious side, but she has a fondness for, and a deftness at, farce. Her contract allows her to do stage and screen work and it is only a question of the right comedy role coming along before she will return to one or the other.

"I like making movies, because you're all through in a matter of weeks," she reveals. "And I wouldn't mind doing another play, as long as it didn't turn out to be a long-run hit. Six months of doing the same thing night after night would drive me silly. TV is an awful obstacle race, but there's never a dull moment."

Miss Churchill's earliest recollection of her father brings to her mind the combined odors of turpentine and cigars. When she was about four, he undertook to paint her portrait, but after four or five days of her fidgeting, the sittings came to a sudden end. He has since specialized in landscapes.

She also recalls his early interest in polo, because she learned to ride on the well-trained, gentle-mouthed ponies in his stable. She still spends much of her spare time riding, usually in the desert. According to her husband, she makes a marvelous mayonnaise and is adept at preparing sea food dishes.

A hard worker, she spends three or four nights a week at extra-curricular rehearsals. Apart from her career, she is kept busy contradicting reports that Churchill is about to retire or explaining English government to Americans. Combining business with pleasure, she frequently flies home to visit her folks and, at the same time, does research for future programs.

"I keep telling people not to believe that Daddy is quitting," she relates, "that he's still right in the midst of every policital fight and that I hope he stays on for years. It's his life. But one never knows about British politics, in which a government can be overthrown merely by being on the losing end of a vote over commercial television."

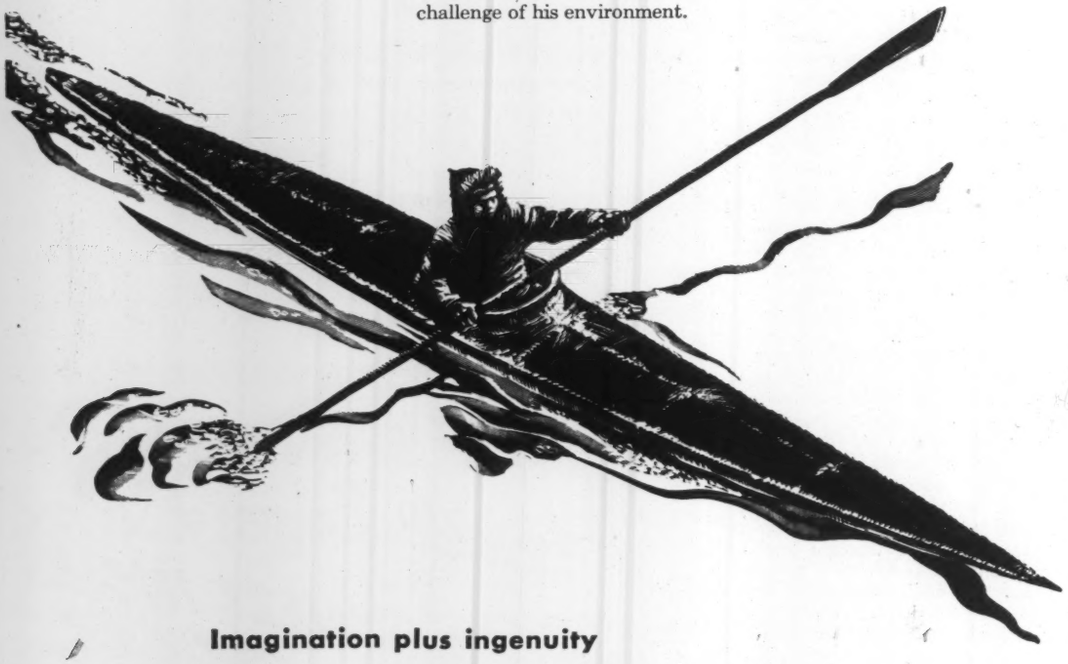
If she had been born Sarah Smith, it isn't likely that she would have attracted as much attention, but neither would she have had to overcome such odds to achieve success. Not long ago, she made international headlines by having a disagreement with a Hollywood restaurateur who maintained that she had cast a slur at the United States, and had said that her father felt the same way. Miss Churchill admitted having a difference of opinion over the man's manner of enforcing a 2 a.m. closing rule, but pointed out that his accusations were not made public until three weeks after the occurrence of the incident.

Furthermore, the man involved was an ex-actor, fully aware of its potential as publicity. The story was exaggerated to such an extent that Sarah put through a transatlantic telephone call to acquaint her father with the facts, receiving in reply some typically Churchillian advice on how to behave herself in Hollywood.

"After that, I said 'No more interviews, just communiqués'," she remarks, with an impish grin. "Actually, what worried me most was that I never did get the hamburger I'd ordered. Moreover, I never speak for my father. He speaks for himself."

BOB WILLETT

The Eskimo hunter had to devise a light, fast craft that would be tough and virtually unsinkable. Result... his sealskin kayak, one of man's most remarkable answers to the challenge of his environment.



Imagination plus ingenuity

were the twin keys to the Eskimo's problem. Here at the Royal Bank we believe those same two qualities to be important in the banking business: imagination to plan for the future, ingenuity to meet new conditions as they arise. The result, a flexible banking service, constantly expanded and adjusted to meet the changing needs of our customers.

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Total assets exceed $2,800,000,000.

Films

Comedy's Decline

LOW COMEDY has always been a sound basis for popular entertainment. The question is, how low can low comedy get?

It was probably at its most vigorous in the days of the silent film, when vaudeville and the music halls released their great men to the screen. In that faraway time Charlie Chaplin, who had still to discover *Weltschmerz*, was tangling happily with dog leashes, loaded trays and revolving doors. Harold Lloyd was scrambling all over the outside of buildings and dangling from planks twenty storeys above Broadway. Then there was Ben Turpin with his fiercely crossed eyes, and Harry Langdon, who imitated Chaplin and managed it so engagingly that the imitation couldn't be held against him, and the squad of Keystone cops, and Buster Keaton and sad-eyed Chester Conklin. There were also Laurel and Hardy, whose specialty was the wrecking of decent interiors —one or the other could always be trusted to coast down the front staircase in the family bathtub and land in the yard in a bath of calcimine.

Low comedy still had enough vitality to carry on, even after the introduction of sound. The Marx Brothers took over and began to tear the English language apart with an even fiercer gusto than Laurel and Hardy dedicated to wrecking the household plumbing. Their specialty was puns, mayhem and a supernatural vitality that looked as though it would last forever—but unhappily didn't. Best of all, there was W. C. Fields, with his boozy greatness, his *sotto voce* hatred of the human race, and his famous top hat.

About all these funny men had in common, to a greater or less degree, was the ability to seize on irrelevant material and turn it to comic uses—for example: Chaplin's famous bread-roll ballet, or Harpo Marx's triumphant Roman ride through the city, with a dustcart as chariot and a garbage-can lid as shield. They never made faces to get a laugh; indeed their specialty was the deadpan approach, the blank unvarying disk turned on every aspect of predicament or disaster. And they never fell back on baby talk.

It was Fanny Brice who hit upon baby-talk as a comedy device. With the introduction of Baby Snooks, comedienne Brice had no further need for her genuine comedy gifts, for the public took to Baby Snooks with rapture. Since then, there has been a continuous rash on screen and radio of Baby Snooks and her painful siblings. Lou Costello took up the new comedy line. So did Red Skelton, Lewis and Martin and any number of lesser comics. Probably this is one reason for the decline of good low comedy and satisfactory slapstick over recent years. Why labor at pantomime and invention, or why fall downstairs or tumble into a vat of whitewash if you can get an easy laugh by making faces and giving an impersonation of a five-year-old idiot child?

The curious taste, at once indulgent and infantile, for baby-talk comedy isn't confined to this continent. Lewis and Martin, it seems, are top favorites in England, ranking far ahead of Alec Guinness, who bases his agile comedy on the oddities of human behavior, or Bob Hope, who trusts his to a metronomic sense of timing.

After avoiding Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin for over a year, I finally got round recently to seeing them in *The Caddy*. Their act hasn't noticeably improved, but they have taken the precaution to string it on a thin story-line and this helps to a certain extent. Dean Martin still plays straight, with shattering confidence. Jerry Lewis still makes the most of a face that would win him a prize in any face-making contest, even if he weren't an entrant. For the rest, he falls back on his idiot-child specialty, which he finds so irresistible that he continues to break into lisps and trebles even in the middle of a routine song and dance.

There is probably something profoundly significant in the fact that screen children who talk like adults and grown-ups who talk like five-year-olds can make a better living from their vocations than the President of the United States. Unfortunately, *The Caddy* left me feeling too depleted to figure it out.

MARY LOWREY ROSS

When *they* go abroad—they fly *B·O·A·C*

Like father, like son! With the same distinguished background, both choose B.O.A.C. . . . and for the same reasons . . . the little niceties as well as the big advantages of this fine service.

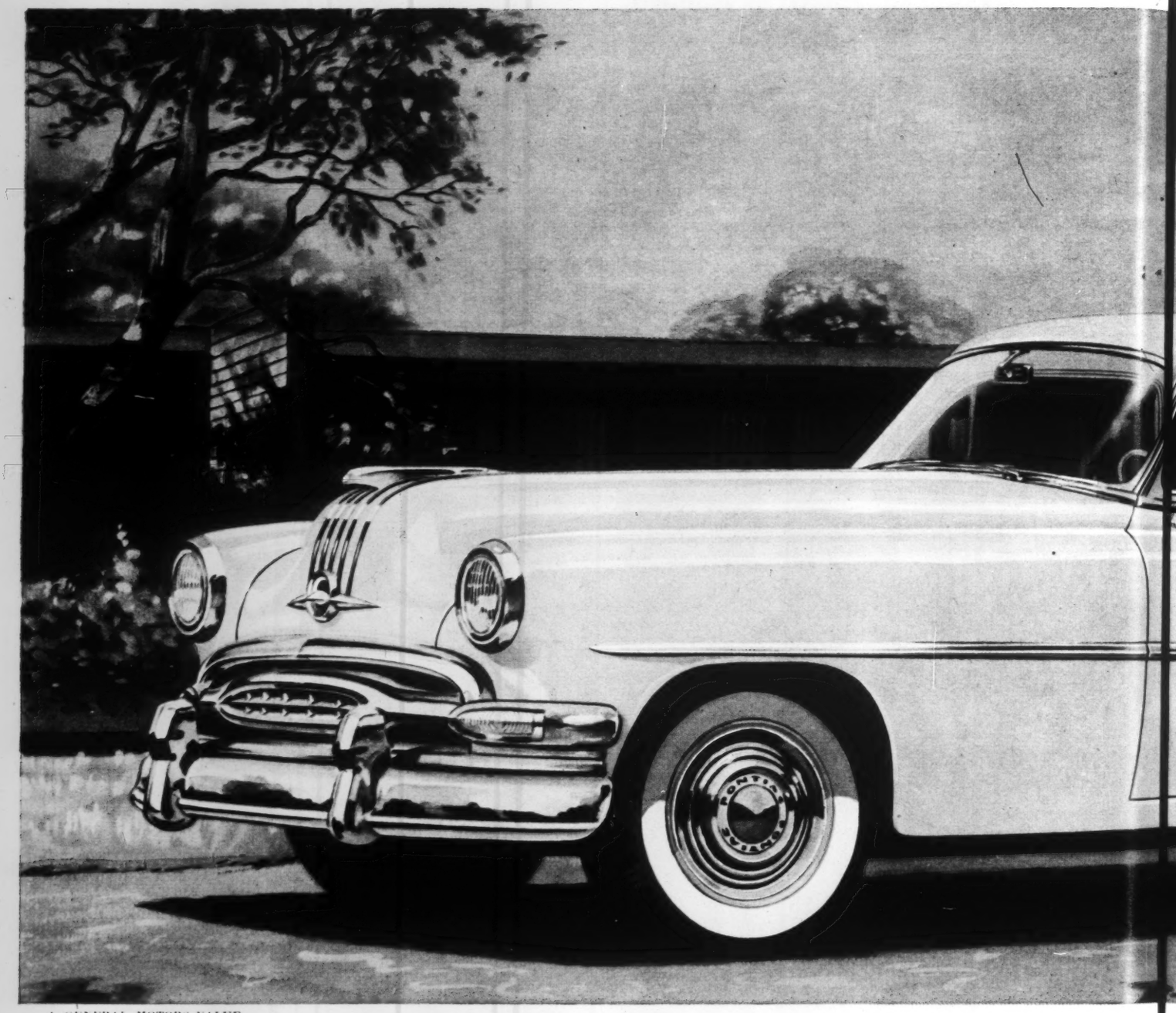
The smart Bond Street bag presented to every passenger . . . as well as the smooth, over-the-weather flight of B.O.A.C. double-deck Stratocruisers. The choice vintages and excellent cuisine . . . as well as the supreme comfort of a full-length sleeper berth. The expert service in the downstairs lounge . . . as well as the airmanship of the B.O.A.C. flight crew, schooled in twenty million miles of trans-atlantic flying experience.

Try this *only* first-class service between Montreal and Britain. From then on, you, too, will say: "*When I go abroad, I fly B.O.A.C.*"

THE CANADIAN
Monarch
Sovereign of the Air

Montreal-London direct—
and other Stratocruisers de luxe
Montreal-Glasgow-London.
The Only First-Class Flights
between Canada and Britain.
Also: World-famous Constellations
at low tourist fares.

Bookings through your travel agent . . . railway ticket office or
BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION
MONTREAL · TORONTO · VANCOUVER *In U.S.A.: New York, Boston, Washington, Chicago, Detroit, Dallas, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Miami*



A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

PRESENTING THE NEW 1954

Star Chief Pontiac

AND 5 OTHER GREAT SERIES

ILLUSTRATED —*The handsome, New Pontiac Star Chief Custom Four-Door Sedan*

A COMPLETELY NEW LINE BRINGING NEW LENGTH, BEAUTY, LUXURY AND POWER TO PONTIAC'S LOW PRICE RANGE

Here's the happiest combination of quality and value in Pontiac history —the first genuine luxury car ever to appear in Pontiac's low price range. It's the new Star Chief Pontiac—you can see it now at your dealer's!

And this completely new line is just one reason why you should visit your Pontiac dealer soon. You'll want to see the five other brilliant Pontiac series which have great new features and style, too. For instance, both the famous engines have been improved for even greater efficiency. Compression ratios have been stepped-up, and the "8" now delivers 127 horsepower with automatic transmission. There are three separate chassis with three different wheelbases. There's newly styled Body by Fisher—multiple color preferences—color-keyed upholstery fabrics—just to name a few of the features standard on every Pontiac.

Pontiac now offers, optional at extra cost, all the modern power controls of the finest cars. There's a choice of two proven automatic transmissions. There's the extra control of Power Brakes and Power Steering. And also optional at extra cost in many models there's the comfort of air conditioning and the convenience of automatic window lifts.

And just think of this—there's a choice of no fewer than 31 glorious models from 6 series—Pathfinder, Pathfinder Deluxe, Laurentian, Chieftain Special, Chieftain Deluxe, and the new Star Chief.

Yes, there are many reasons for *seeing* the new 1954 Pontiacs at your dealer's soon. But when you see them—and try them—you'll find there are many, many reasons for *owning* a Pontiac in 1954.

DOLLAR FOR DOLLAR YOU CAN'T BEAT PONTIAC

Books

From the Actor's Theatre

IT IS NOW about twenty years since a professor astonished me by saying, "I have read everything in English drama worth reading". I had read a good deal of English drama at that time myself, and I have been reading as fast as I can ever since, and there is still a great deal which I consider worth reading which I have not yet touched. But I understand what he meant better than I did then. He had read Shakespeare and a few other Jacobean dramatists; he had read the best of the Restoration playwrights; he had read Goldsmith and Sheridan. He had, in fact, read most of the English plays which are endurable to a man whose interests are wholly literary, and who has no theatrical feeling. But the reader who has some degree of theatrical feeling is never finished reading plays; he wants to read them all, and a score of successive disappointments does not dull the edge of his appetite.

When I was at the university I was told, as a matter of dogma, that no plays of any consequence were written during the greater part of the nineteenth century. Byron, Browning and Tennyson had written some "closet drama," but they were spirits too fine for the coarse world of the theatre. Later, when I had more sense and more knowledge, I knew that Byron, Browning and Tennyson wanted desperately to be playwrights, but lacked theatrical talent. Byron wrote bad plays for Drury Lane; Browning wrote bad plays for Macready; Tennyson wrote bad plays for Irving. The actors strove with these well-meant offerings and *Marino Faliero, Manfred, Strafford, Becket, The Cup,* and a very few other plays by poets were somehow put upon the stage. But the theatre of the nineteenth century was an actor's theatre, principally because no playwrights of the first rank existed to take their rightful place in it. And, as an actor's theatre, it possessed a special fascination, and the plays which remain to us from those great days of great actors have a special significance.

We are obliged to the excellent World's Classics department of the Oxford University Press for a volume of ten *Nineteenth Century Plays*, edited by George Rowell of the University of Bristol. So far as I know this is the first collection of such plays to be made easily and cheaply available. The book leads off with *Black-Ey'd Susan*, by Douglas Jerrold, which was the best of the Jolly Jack Tar plays which were to the 1830s what movies about airmen are today. This is followed by *Money*, in which Bulwer-Lytton combined society comedy with moral uplift in the fashion of the '40s; it is the only really dead play in the book. *Masks and Faces* by Charles Reade is a good example of those ever popular plays in which a great actress shows that she has a heart of gold, and is ready to give a hand to a less attractive (but of course morally superior) woman.

One of the best plays in the collection is *The Colleen Bawn* by Dion Boucicault; it is a drama of renunciation. The nineteenth century could not get enough renunciation to satisfy its vast hunger, and a score of plays, including *The Only Way*, were based on that theme. Modern psychiatry has blown somewhat coldly on renunciation, which appears to be rather closely linked with homosexuality, but the theme is still theatrically vital. *Lady Audley's Secret*, by C. H. Hazlewood, is a vulgarly sensational piece, lacking the real humanity of *East Lynne*, but characteristic of dozens of bad plays about wicked or misguided women.

The Ticket-of-Leave Man, by Tom Taylor, the editor of *Punch* (1874-80), was one of the most successful of all melodramas, and even yet it retains its fascination for the reader. In Hawkshaw, the detective, it has given a character to folklore, and his great scene of revelation at the end of Act IV, scene 1, still thrills us, even on the printed page. T. W. Robertson's *Caste* is familiar and good, and is often revived, but James Albery's *Two Roses*, which seems to me equally good, is never done; it could be revived with pleasure and profit. Not so, however, *The Bells*, which Leopold Lewis transplanted from Erckmann-Chatrian's French original; the last man to play it with conviction was Martin-Harvey, and I cannot think of an actor today who could attempt it with any real hope of success. It was Irving's play, and only Irving and those who wore some rags from his mantle could bring out what was in it.

BULWER-LYTTON, first Earl of Lytton and author of "Money".

The book is concluded by Sidney Grundy's *A Pair of Spectacles*, which is pleasant, well-made and, though written in 1890, utterly innocent of the Ibsen-Shaw revolution which had overtaken the theatre.

Here, then, we have an excellent selection of plays to represent almost a century when actors dominated the theatre and when (as always when actors dominate) there was no end of "strong situations," idiotic but calamitous misunderstandings, meaty character parts with plenty of disguises, splendid combats, layer-cake arrangements of comedy and tragedy, splendid sentiments and, indeed, everything against which the purely literary mind rebels. The vice of the literary mind is excessive subtlety; that of the theatrical mind, trivial profusion. Authors love to niggle; actors to bound and bellow. In the nineteenth century the actors had it all their own way.

In our time we have seen the backward sweep of the pendulum, and it is only within the past ten years or so that we have had modern plays in which actors could show the full extent of their art. Modern actors of great capacities, or who aspire to lasting reputation, have had to show their powers in revivals of the classics; our best playwrights had little to offer them but endlessly subtle elaborations on modest themes. It takes dramatic genius of a high order to write a play which is at once satisfying to the literary and the theatrical intelligences. We have had, and have now, some fine playwrights, but most of them have been afraid of bold theatrical strokes. They have wanted to do the actor's work for him. They would not permit him, as Irving did in *The Bells*, to create something astonishing out of his own personality.

Nor have our playwrights been interested in giving us any of those characters with whom countless people were delighted to identify themselves—such characters as Sydney Carton in *The Only Way*, Fabien dei Franchi in *The Corsican Brothers*, or Myles-na-Coppaleen in *The Colleen Bawn*. Unreal as these people may be to the literary mind, they live splendidly on the stage, for they embody a very deep human desire to make nobly romantic gestures of revenge, or renunciation; they were drawn, not from the recognizable surface of life, but from those depths which we recognize by intuition. Their literary creators were greater artists than we have been inclined to admit, and the actors who played these parts greatly, filling the outlines with the richness of their technical accomplishment, were creators also. The big fault of our latter-day playwrights has been that they will not allow actors to be fully creative.

This little book has been criticized in one or two English papers on the ground that such plays as these have no place in a library which calls itself The World's Classics. I disagree with this criticism, for I think that at least five of them are classics of a special kind; they are classics of the theatre which can only be judged in theatrical terms and, in the final showdown, when they are adequately presented on the stage. To say that they do not live on the stage now is to say very little, for we cannot be sure that they will not be successfully revived in the future. Many of Shakespeare's finest plays lay in oblivion for a century or longer after his death. There is nothing Shakespearean about any of these pieces, but there is life in some of them which the right players may discover again. They see life coarsely, but they see it in the large; we have permitted the refinement and passion for detail of our age to narrow our vision of human emotion. Our playwrights, very often, show us life as we believe it to be; these playwrights showed us life as they believed it ought to be, and that is an entirely defensible and admirable point of view for a man of the theatre, and even for a man of letters. Yes, these plays belong in the World's Classics, and we are glad to see them there at last.

ROBERTSON DAVIES

HENRY IRVING in "The Bells".

NINETEENTH CENTURY PLAYS — edited by George Rowell—*Oxford*—$2.00.

In Brief

THE HOUSE OF GAIR—by Eric Linklater—pp 224—*Clarke, Irwin*—$2.10.

The man who tells this story is a young writer who has accidentally met an old one in a remote part of the Scottish highlands and has developed a warm feeling of friendship toward him. The old writer had made not one but three literary reputations in the Yellow Period and is one of those engagingly amoral, epicurean males this author draws so well. The master of Gair (old writer) is presently perpetrating fraud in diverse fields; when murder is done the reader, who has been wondering where all the cultivated talk might lead, finds that this is a crime novel. It is ingenious, entertaining and written with Linklater's customary easy urbanity, but even his most devoted admirers must admit that in this implausible tale their cre

dulity and the plot's coincidences have both been given a vigorous two-way stretch.

TIGER, TIGER and Other Stories—by John Moore—pp. 275—*Collins*—$2.75.

Cheers and a huzza for John Moore! The author of the Brensham novels has written sixteen short stories that are praiseworthy on several counts. They have variety of setting, of action, of style — hence of flavor. The characters are equally diverse: four old Frenchmen celebrating the anniversary of Verdun; a girl under stress of The Watching as she is tried for witchcraft in seventeenth-century England; a valiant but misled missionary on a tropical island. Although two or three are concerned with the relation between the sexes, not one of them comes near to fitting the boy-meets-girl formula. And without exception they tell a story.

Please do not misunderstand; these stories are not all simple. Several have subtle psychological overtones and suggestions disturbing to a complacent view of history and morality. But whether they take the form of a robustly humorous tale of English villagers feuding over fruit trees or the drama of a small Spanish boy alone in a jungle of predatory adults, these stories can be recounted. No matter how limited the incident in time or place, its narrative rises to a climax and finishes with the ends tied and tucked in. This surface action in form, this kind of literary law and order ranges Moore on the side of Maugham and Maupassant and opposite the amorphous moderns.

Tiger, Tiger burns bright with the artistry of a top-notch storyteller. It also raises this reviewer's hope for a time when the reader of short fiction will never be found dangling in mid-air, reaching wildly for a non-existent conclusion and gagging on an unresolved impasse.

FIVE SHORT NOVELS—by Doris Lessing—pp. 352—*Michael Joseph*—$3.00.

Like much of the fiction coming out of Africa today this is strong stuff in both theme and treatment. Miss Lessing is a young woman with a tight grip on her pen; her writing has a cumulative power, the result of the piling up of incidents accurately observed and perfectly placed for effect. In these unrelated short pieces, action, character and idea develop not on three parallel lines but bound together in a neat—and strong—braid. It is this force which most impresses the reader and sweeps him along through the unpleasant plots.

Most of the themes are serious: tension between black and white, misunderstanding between civil servants and "the others" in the white colony, the metamorphosis of character into

• •

And So to It!

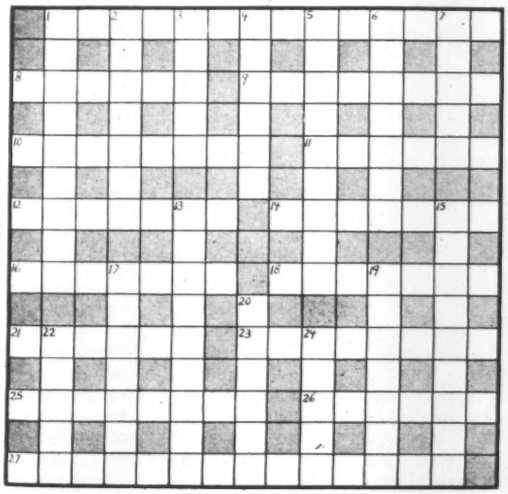
By Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1. Written by retiring authors? (7, 7)
8. It's a matter of give and take. (6)
9. See 20.
10. It'll make a girl ache breaking it. (5, 3)
11. To amuse her, strangely enough, he left a rifle. (6)
12. Priests gone astray. (7)
14. When 'e's 'ome 'e's a capital fellow. (7)
16. Looks like pa's gone over to a queer sect. (7)
18. A word for one who never dies, supposedly? (7)
21. It stole the spotlight briefly from Verona in "Romeo." (6)
23. It's impossible to take this interest in legendary characters. (8)
25. With a heavenly shape to start with, should make a nice gal. (8)
26. A foolish one embraces 16. (6)
27. Fairest of the fair. (8, 6)

DOWN

1. Get between them and the rest should be easy. (9)
2. One of them was invited to ride a tandem—in the garden, perhaps. (7)
3. Visionary state of a bona fide alcoholic? (5)
4. This should be enough to satisfy you. (6)
5. It's made to time in music by the French and the Indians. (5, 4)
6. Fish eggs are over a dollar in the 26 kingdom. (7)
7. What one of the "Dodgers" might do with Eva? (5)
13. Position for a squatter? (9)
15. You'll have to root out the answer. (9)
17. Imitate Ruth's plea to her mother-in-law. (7)
19. I carry up a heavy book on end. (7)
20. 9. It might pinch-hit at the police games. (3, 3, 2, 3, 3)
22. Do away with Ann's ulcers, by cutting off cress. (5)
24. Booth was made stable by this. (5)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

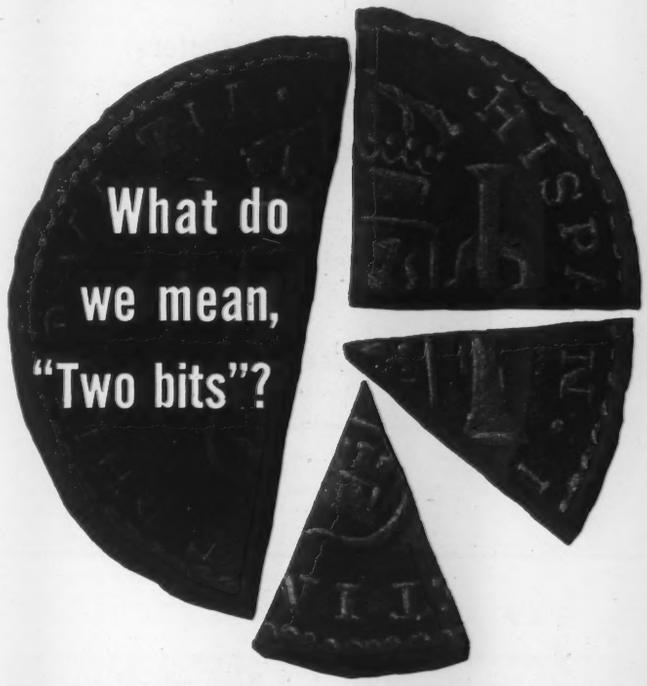
1. See 7 across
3. Company
7. 1 across, 29, 1 across, 8. Put two and two together
9. Attired
10. Brewing
11. Overcoats
13. Ducat
14, 27. Double or nothing
17. Duple
19. Notes
21. Doggerel
24. Oxide
25. Outfitter
27. See 14
28. Veteran
29. See 7 across
30. Hansard
31. Eos

DOWN

1, 1 across. Tea for Two
2. Outré
3. Corncob
4. Mad
5. Abbés
6. Yielded
7. Principle
8. See 7 across
12. Amend
15. Outwitted
16. Right
18. Insomnia
20. Swedish
22. Evicted
23. Wrongs
25. Organ
26. Three
28. Via

(299)

THE START OF IT ALL!



The Spanish "Piece of Eight," famous in buccaneering days, was often cut into eight pieces, to provide small change. Each bit was worth 12½ cents. Hence, two bits equalled 25 cents—a quarter dollar.

So that was **the start of it all!**

Small deposits are as welcome as large at The Canadian Bank of Commerce—where so many Canadians from coast to coast have savings accounts. For a home of your own, or something to put *in* that home, savings can be **the start of it all!**

The Canadian Bank of Commerce

M-43

Purchasers and Distributors of Government, Municipal and Corporation Securities

Enquiries Invited

A. E. Ames & Co.
Limited

Business Established 1889

TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG VANCOUVER VICTORIA CALGARY
LONDON OTTAWA HAMILTON KITCHENER OWEN SOUND
ST. CATHARINES QUEBEC NEW YORK BOSTON LONDON, ENG.

Established 1899 CONTINENTAL LIFE

1953

ANOTHER YEAR OF SERVICE

- **Policyowners and beneficiaries** received benefits from the Company in 1953 totalling **$1,747,286**. Under policies maturing by death or as endowments the average claim was $2,188.
- **61,920 policies** providing insurance protection for **$134,167,111** are now owned by Canadians in the Company, the average amount being $2,151.
- **Assets** of **$28,075,064.05** are now administered by the Company guaranteeing the future benefits promised under all its contracts.
- **Policyowners** will be pleased to learn that the year's operations were notable for improved interest earnings, low death rates and reduced expenses and these favourable results have greatly enhanced the Company's already strong position.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

N. J. Lander, President — W. F. Smith, Vice-President
J. T. Richardson, Q.C. — A. S. Mathers, F.R.A.I.C.
T. D'Arcy Leonard, Q.C. — James A. Northey
C. T. McHattie — J. W. Medland
Hon. Jacob Nicol, Q.C., LL.D. — E. J. Case
James Hunter, F.F.A., F.S.A., General Manager — K. I. Litster

THE **CONTINENTAL LIFE** INSURANCE COMPANY

An All Canadian Company

FOUR SQUARE

Head Office TORONTO

something strange by the heat of gold-fever. One is of love among the ruins, a brilliantly told tale of lower class romance in the London blitz.

This is fiction of a high order, but it will appeal only to those who can tolerate an atmosphere heavy with Hardy-like inevitability. They must also be tolerant toward mistakes in printing, for careless proof-reading detracts from this book.

THE PRAYING MANTIS—by H. Gordon Green —pp. 309—*Brunswick Press*—$3.00.

Religious bigotry is the mainspring of the action in this novel set in a French-English community of Ontario. Jurd Galloway is a ferocious Orangeman, a prosperous middle-aged farmer who neglects his dying wife, brutalizes his son and preaches the wrath of God at the Gospel Hall on Sunday. When Jurd's niece, Myra, arrives to care for his wife and soon falls in love with one of the French "pagans" the plot should reach its boiling point. That it fails to do so, and simmers along for 200-odd pages only to warm up at the end with a belated return to violence, seems to be caused by two things—irresolution in the author and the presence of the common-place Myra on almost every page.

At its best Mr. Green's writing has tremendous vitality. He can give immediacy to an incident; there is a wonderfully well done (until its disappointing finish), humorous sketch of a Glorous Twelfth parade. And his characters are for the most part convincing. Unfortunately he has chosen to communicate much of his narrative through the vapid musings of a completely ordinary young woman, with the inevitable result: what promised in the beginning to be a shattering tale of outrage and terror becomes in the telling an exercise in bathos. For an author to try to sustain tension while putting himself under so severe a handicap is nothing short of heroic.

THE CHARIOT—by Francis Stuart—pp. 222—*Longmans, Green*—$2.50.

A tense and hopeful tale of an idealistic middle-aged English writer who takes a young prostitute and her crippled mother to live in his shabby rooms. Its theme is charity.

Francis Stuart is an Irish writer in whose poetic prose one would be hard put to find a flaw. In spite of the trite situation and the low key maintained throughout, these simple annals of the London poor make a story rich in excitement and drama; moreover they provide some sinewy ideas for the mind to chew on long after the book is read. *The Chariot* is a novel of rare beauty, worth reading for the manner of its writing alone.

EYES OF BOYHOOD, edited by Clyde Brion Davis—pp. 305 plus 18 pages of biographical notes on the contributors—*Longmans, Green*—$4.25.

An anthology of twenty-four pieces from American fiction and biography written *about* but not *for* boys. In his introduction Mr. Davis discusses literature for the young and points out, probably correctly, that the best writing about childhood has been done for adults. His selections run from Davy Crockett (published 1834) to Thurber, Saroyan and Steinbeck; there is a moving fragment of fairly early Hemingway, about a boy who thinks he is dying, and two choices in verse, one by an almost forgotten rhymer and one by Archibald MacLeish.

We opened this book in the apprehensive mood with which one approaches an extended period of unrelieved juvenile companionship and closed it wishing it had been longer. Quoting Mark Twain, it should "not only interest boys but strongly interest anyone *who has ever been a boy*". Good-humored and for the most part humorous entertainment for almost anyone over ten.

R.M.T.

•

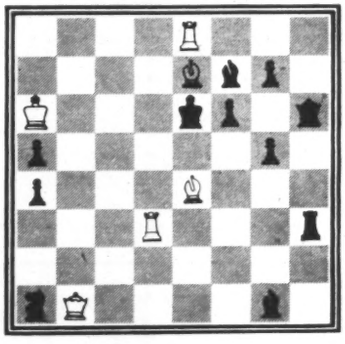
Chess Problem

A CHARACTERISTIC of the black Pawn in the two-move cross-check theme, is that it readily admits of the enhancement of flight-squares. One reason for this is that the humble Pawn is less prone to defeat White's proposed mating replies; so that generally these flights can readily be controlled. An excellent example is the following by F. E. Godfrey, a first prize-winner in one of the Good Companion's monthly tourneys in 1917:

White: K on QKt8; Q on KKt8; Rs on K8 and KR6; Bs on QR8 and QB3; Kts on QKt7 and KB7; Ps on QR4, QR5, K3 and KKt4. Black: K on Q4; B on K4; Ps on QB2 and KB3. Mate in two.

Key-move 1.B-Q2, waiting. If P-B3ch; 2.KKt-Q6 mate. If P-B4ch; 2.QKt-Q6 mate. If K-K5; 2.Kt-B5 mate. If K-B3 or B5; 2.KtxB mate. If B any; 2.KKt=Q8 mate. If P-KB4; 2.Kt-Kt5 mate.

Problem No. 51, by L. Knotek.
Black—Eleven Pieces.



White—Six Pieces.
White mates in three.

When we turn to the cumulative task of four cross-checks from two black Pawns, the opportunity for flight-squares practically vanishes.

Solution of Problem No. 50

Key-move 1.Q-Kt5, waiting. If RxR; 2.Q-Q3 mate. If R else; 2.Q-B6 mate. If BxP; 2.Kt-Kt3 mate. If B else; 2.Q-Q3 mate. If Kt-B4; 2.Q-B6 mate. If Kt else; 2.Kt-Kt3 mate. If KxR; 2.Kt-B3 mate. If K-B4; 2.Kt-Kt3 mate.

Here Black's RxR, BxP and Kt-B4 are the "correction" moves.

"CENTAUR."

Business

Changes Taking Place In Irish Economy

By HOWARD CLEGG

BEFORE Sean Lemass, Ireland's Minister of Industry and Commerce, visited Canada and the U.S. recently on behalf of the export trade, a good deal had been done at home about the business.

Seven experts had been brought to Ireland from America. They were commissioned to make a detailed study of several Irish products and make recommendations as to which ones would have the best chance of ready acceptance in the North American market. They were also to advise on ways and means of making these more appealing to Canadian and American consumers.

The report of their work is now published in a book called *Dollar Exports*. There is evidence in it that they did a painstaking job in keeping with the importance to Ireland—and to the dollar countries—of Ireland's campaign to increase dollar exports.

This importance is easily measured. For the six months to June, 1953, Ireland bought for dollars, commodities costing £10.7 million and sold to the gaunt figure of £1.3 million. It is not a gap that you can take at a bound. The Irish have embarked on a bridging job. The alternative to succeeding with their span is to stop buying in the dollar market.

What they buy mainly is wheat and corn (here called maize). They buy it because they prefer to, not because they can't grow wheat and a very good substitute for corn at home. The fact is that wheat growing farmers at home produce an average crop of 17 cwt. to the acre. Prairie growers produce in the very best bumper years only that many bushels.

Top class Irish growers can make as much as £50 an acre from wheat. That is a little under $150 at current rates of exchange. Irish farmers do not have to make an exchange. To them it is worth at least $250. However, they prefer to raise other lines of produce, including sugar beets, laborious as their cultivation is, for the thriving young refineries.

If the industries can earn the dollars to buy No. 1 Northern and the American varieties of wheat and corn, the Irish farmers will be content to let North American farmers have the business. On the score of industry's chance of earning dollars, the American experts do not sound as encouraging as was hoped. Their findings caused vociferous despair in some sections of the Irish Press. They did not unduly discourage Mr. Lemass who has lived with Irish industries longer.

For one writer to suggest that seven capable minds fell united into error wants a bit of egotism. But there does seem to be evidence in the book that these seven able and well-intentioned experts did not altogether understand the Irish. They considered them to be smug and to be motivated, or rather restrained from motivation, by the power of five main illusions. It is easy for the world to believe anything it hears about Irish illusions, but it would be unsafe to make a big bet that the Irish have any illusions about economics.

The book also gives the impression quite clearly that Irish manufacturers are quite adamant against changing their ways. The answer to this is that between 1946 and 1951, five short years, they have changed their ways sufficiently to increase the output of the industrial worker, per man hour, from 106 units to 129.

It is only in the last 31 years that the Irish have had any chance to change anything. The new Ireland is only half as old as Alberta which hadn't changed half as much as Ireland had until oil wells started gushing. In this 31 years Ireland has changed more than the Maritime provinces and some New England states have changed in a hundred years—this despite the fact that the new Ireland inherited all the habits and many of the handicaps of the old Ireland, which had practically stood still since the English conquest was begun in 1169 by Richard de Clare, Earl of Pembroke, the "Strongbow" of Irish tradition.

Unlike Alberta and other North American places, Ireland has not had an influx of rich-by-Christmas strangers to blend with home-grown conservatives. On the contrary, the young republic has lost 500,000 men during its brief career. There have been no Leducs nor Eldorados to dazzle the young Irishman.

Yet for balanced economic change Ireland is holding her own with the best of the progressives. In the matter of electricity, 65 per cent of the householders in rural areas are taking it as fast as the poles reach them. The Chairman of the Electricity Board was able to report in his annual speech: "Fodder cookers are becoming more popular . . . piggery floor heating is being used more extensively . . . use of infra-red lamps for brooders is now widespread."

To an Irishman it seems quite consistent and good commonsense, on the one hand, to buy an up-to-date gadget and start heating piggery floors; and on the other hand, to refuse to adopt the new-fangled style of butchering the grown pigs recommended by the experts which requires seven kinds of gadgets to cut the carcass and seven to slice the bacon—a complete new plant, in fact. As a Ballynooley hog-raiser explained to me: "You can tell that an electric floor heater heats the floor. You've just got to put your hand on it. But no matter how much you feel the output of a stainless steel loin puller or a belly ripper, it won't tell you how long Americans are going to go on eating six rashers of bacon for breakfast and six more at bed-time."

Irish Information Bureau

TIMBER, one of Ireland's imports, being unloaded at Dublin docks.

The farmer from Ballynooley came home from America in 1932, when he and a lot of his neighbors were not eating much of anything. He was mighty glad to see the old family factory turning out the old-fashioned Wiltshire sides which shocked the experts. He and the home market like it as it is.

He is pleased that he can now boil water with peat that has been converted before-hand into electricity at one of Ireland's three big stations situated at peat bogs. To get your tea in five minutes instead of waiting twenty is progress that seems to any Irishman to be worthwhile.

What the Irish, who incidentally know much more about America than America knows about them, are not convinced of is that all the things which foreigners call progress actually mean progress, or that they matter anyway.

"Mind you," said the Ballynooley farmer, "you can't blame Americans being so busy keeping themselves active. Where I was in the States you couldn't find a fish to catch within fifty miles, nor a rabbit to shoot. In three years I didn't meet a man who could sing a ballad, let alone compose one on his feet."

It is not their methods which the Irish object to changing, but their philosophies. Unfortunately, great missionaries as they have been these fifteen centuries in other fields of thought, they have been silent about their economic reasoning. There may still be a market somewhere for the bit which has brought them to the conclusion that you should never stick out your foot so far that you can't lift it lightly. The Irish are going to export, but they are not going to export and bust.

Irish Information Bureau

THE CUSTOMS HOUSE, on the River Liffey, dominates Dublin's skyline.

Dominion and Provincial
Government Bonds
Municipal Bonds
Public Utility
and
Industrial Financing

Orders accepted for execution on all stock exchanges

DOMINION SECURITIES CORPN. LIMITED

Established 1901

TORONTO MONTREAL NEW YORK LONDON, ENG. WINNIPEG CALGARY VANCOUVER VICTORIA
LONDON KITCHENER BRANTFORD HAMILTON OTTAWA QUEBEC HALIFAX SAINT JOHN

50 King Street West, Toronto, Canada

For Convenience Safety and Economy

There, in the big Allied van, go the household possessions of a very particular and thrifty family to some far-off home. *"Particular"* because they obviously cherish their possessions too much to entrust the moving to anyone but ALLIED, and *"thrifty"* because they know this convenient door-to-door system of moving is most economical.

CALL CANADA'S MASTER MOVERS

53-4

ALLIED VAN LINES LTD.

Agents in all principal cities . . . see your telephone directory

Clarkson, Gordon & Co.

CHARTERED ACCOUNTANTS

Toronto · Montreal · Hamilton · London
Winnipeg · Regina · Calgary · Vancouver

Gold & Dross

Mayfair Mines

COULD YOU *give me any information on Mayfair Mines Ltd.? I hold a considerable number of shares. —P. H., Kitchener, Ont.*

At last report, Mayfair had some 42,000 tons of cobalt and silver ore developed by diamond drilling, a shaft down to 550 ft. and four levels established with about 4,000 ft. of lateral work done.

Lacking a financial statement and an ore value position, we are unable to make any estimate of the company's potential but this observation is permissable: good ore values are usually well publicized and balance sheets are handed out freely by companies in a secure financial position.

This company has been reticent on both accounts, and from this and the Ontario Securities Commission's report of last May that the company was proposing to sell production warrants at a slight discount of 25 per cent, it would appear that the company is not in a strong financial position and must seek further financing to keep its head above water.

It might be wise for you to look for an early opportunity to liquidate your position.

Pacemaker Pete

I BOUGHT *300 shares of Pacemaker Petroleums in 1950 at 30 cents per share. Could you please give some information about this company? —M. S. M., Canadian Army PO.*

Pacemaker is presently offered at 15 cents without a bid. This emphasizes the point that little enthusiasm is evident for the varied projects this company is interested in. An oil property is held in the Lloydminster heavy oil field, a gold property near Sioux Lookout, in Ontario, a base metal prospect in the Barraute area of Quebec and a uranium prospect in the Beaverlodge area of Saskatchewan.

As the Beaverlodge area has been a disappointing one, much more prolific in hopes than in mineable uranium deposits, the outlook for this company appears anything but attractive.

Brazilian Traction

I HAVE *Brazilian Traction, averaging 10 per share. In view of the recent developments and a stock dividend and the low price, would you advise that I hold or take a loss? —H. C., Montreal.*

The present situation hardly warrants selling your shares at this time. The full impact of all the news has been realized and the recent threat of nationalization of the company would seem to be a purely political proposition and not to be taken too seriously. Obviously, such a move would cut off the flow of investment capital from other countries and seriously hamper the expansion of industry in Brazil. A case in point is the negotiations which General Motors has been conducting with the Brazilian Government to expand its truck building activities in Brazil. It is reported that special currency arrangements will be granted General Motors for this program.

From this it appears that the fears of nationalization will soon be dissipated, leaving Brazil's difficult monetary position as the chief cause for concern. This might eventually be a blessing in disguise, for it might force the monetary tinkerers to accept the dictates of a free market in solving the exchange situation.

While for the present a recovery beyond 9½ seems doubtful, the stock appears to be much more of a buy than a sale on any further declines under 7, for long term appreciation and income.

Consolidated Paper

I HAVE *a considerable holding of Consolidated Paper Corp. Some time last summer you recommended that these shares be held. In view of their present price, do you still think they should be held or would you now advise selling? —W. A. L., Toronto.*

At the time of writing, the stock is bumping up against the old high of 43 that was established in 1951. Since early November the price movement has been confined to a narrow channel between 40 and 43. This pattern, which apparently represents the consolidation of the advance from the summer low of 35, is one of unusual interest to chart analysts. It often is the forerunner of a dynamic advance for which an "up" signal is provided by the price lifting to a new high. While the narrow price range denotes an uneasy balance between supply and demand, the limited volume of trading (10,699 in December) suggests that cautious buying to accumulate stock is the dominant factor in the technical situation.

With the company expected to report one of the best years in its history and a very sizable reduction in the funded debt position, due to the sinking fund, bringing the debt down to around 7.5 million, the current rumors of a stock split and/or an increase in the dividend could influence the movement of the stock considerably.

The injection of any favorable news into the situation could upset the supply-demand equation easily and a move through 43 could easily carry to 49-50 and possibly to 57 with the initial impetus being supplied by the covering of short positions.

When this stock was last reviewed, July 25, it was noted that the outlook for the newsprint industry and the company was good and that demand for newsprint was expanding.

The December report of the Newsprint Association of Canada indicates this trend is continuing with U.S. consumption increasing 2.6 per cent from 5,988,471 tons in 1952 to 6,142,896 tons in 1953. Stocks of newsprint declined 7.9 per cent and consumers held 44 days' supply

against the 51 days reported before. As newsprint demand is geared to the long term trend of population growth, demand can be expected to remain at far more stable levels than industry in general.

The forthcoming balance sheet, due in March, will likely make pleasant reading for shareholders, but unless an increase in the dividend rate is forthcoming, an advance in the price to 50 or beyond would place the stock in a selling range, for the yield on the present dividend of $2.25 would be 4.4 per cent at 50 and 3.9 at 57. At such a level the tax advantage of the 20 per cent dividend credit would be hardly worthwhile as a switch into high class bonds or debentures, such as General Motors Acceptance which yield 4.66 per cent, would provide equal income and secure the capital gain until the stock retreated into the 34-37 buying range again.

Toronto Elevators

I OWN *a substantial amount of Toronto Elevators Ltd., bought from 4 to 5, new stock basis. Do you think that the future possibilities for this company warrant my holding it, or should I take my profit?—W. A. S., Toronto.*

As a cynical observer of the Government remarked not long ago, "Since the Government got into the grain business one of the most sensible investments I can think of is a good grain elevator stock." The obvious answer is for you to retain an investment which is not only paying well (at 5.8 per cent) but seems assured of a substantial income as long as the Government attempts to sell grain above world market prices.

As a secondary consideration the volume of grain traffic through the company's elevators, which has shown a fairly consistent growth since 1941, indicates a growth factor consistent with the growth of the population in the areas served.

Further appreciation seems very possible over the long term, and, with excellent income, this stock seems above average for long term holding.

Kroy Oils

I HOLD SHARES *in Kroy Oils, purchased in 1952 at 2.50. I notice the price recently advanced sharply to 1.80. Has there been any news of consequence to cause this? Should I continue to hold my shares in hopes of recovering my loss?—G. W. T., Toronto.*

The sharp advance was stimulated by the news that the company, and its associates, had discovered light oil in the Kessler area where natural gas had been found previously.

Kroy has interests ranging from 12½ to 18 per cent in 40,000 acres in this area and as the oil horizon was located at 2,400 feet, the drilling of offset wells to determine whether a commercial field exists should not require much time or money.

Should a field of considerable dimensions be proved up, the addition of these oil reserves would considerably advance the "line of value" for the stock, calculated at $1.00 when this company was reviewed on November 14.

As the general position of the company is better than average, with interests held in more than 82 wells, a substantial investment in the Edmonton Pipeline Co., and production revenue at a sufficient level to continue exploration and development work, holding of your stock seems advisable at this time.

A move through the recent high of 1.80 would likely signal an extension of the advance to around 2.25. Good support should be evident under the 1.50 mark.

Alminster Oils

WILL YOU GIVE *me your opinion on Alminster Oils? I paid 18 cents a share for my holdings.—J. A. L., Moncton, NB.*

The present market quotation of one to three cents offers a very good indication of the prospects of this company. At last report it had two producing wells and a 50 per cent interest in two other wells in the Lloydminster field of Saskatchewan.

As this is heavy oil, of limited marketability, the prospects are anything but bright.

In Brief

WOULD YOU ADVISE *as to the purchase of Brandram-Henderson Ltd. bonds?—D. N. J., Glace Bay, N.S.*

Not attractive.

CAN YOU GIVE *me any information on Darkwater Mines? Any hopes?—R. M., Hamilton, Ont.*

Very dark.

CAN YOU *give me any information on Paulore Gold Mines? — W. R. C., Toronto.*

Dormant.

WHAT WOULD YOU *say about purchasing Van-Tor Oils?—R. L. V., Vancouver.*

Don't.

WILL YOU KINDLY *inform me if Adenac Gold Syndicate is still in existence and if there are any prospects of the mine ever showing a profit?—L. McN., Toronto.*

Long dormant, prospects nil.

CAN YOU TELL *me if shares in Goldyke Mines are of any value?—M. S., Toronto.*

They're not.

I PURCHASED *a number of shares of Tache Lake Mines at 36 cents. I am much concerned by their depreciation. Would you advise selling or should I hold on in hopes of a recovery?—J. M., Sorel, Que.*

Sell.

WOULD YOU CONSIDER *New Bidlamaque a buy at the present price of 50 cents?—R. C., Aurora, Ont.*

No.

•

Readers requesting information from Gold & Dross must limit inquiries to one stock. If purchase prices are included in the letter, it will assist in preparing your answer.

W. P. SNEAD

Quebec—

A Strong, Diversified Economy

The Province of Quebec combines a rich endowment of natural resources with an extensive industrial development. Forests, water power and mineral deposits together with extensive farm lands give an unusual breadth and stability to the economy of the province.

We offer as principals the new issue of

Province of Quebec

3¾% Sinking Fund Debentures

To mature February 1st, 1967

Denominations: $500 and $1,000

Price: 98.75 and accrued interest to yield about 3.87%

A prospectus describing these debentures and detailing financial statistics of the Province will be forwarded gladly on request. Orders for the debentures placed with any of our offices will receive prompt attention.

Wood, Gundy & Company Limited

Toronto Montreal Winnipeg Vancouver Halifax
Quebec Ottawa Hamilton London, Ont.
Kitchener Regina Edmonton Calgary
London, Eng. Victoria Chicago New York

W&W EST. 1908

We offer a complete statistical and analytical service to individuals and institutions.

Watt & Watt

6-8 Jordan Street, Toronto. Em 3-7151

BRANCH OFFICES: Fort William, Port Arthur and London, Ontario

MEMBERS
Toronto Stock Exchange
Montreal Stock Exchange
Winnipeg Grain Exchange
Investment Dealers Assn. of Canada

PRIVATE WIRES TO
Montreal
New York
Fort William
Port Arthur
Winnipeg
London, Ontario
and Buffalo

EVERYONE NEEDS THE SUN

SUN INSURANCE OFFICE LTD. · FOUNDED 1710 ·

THE OLDEST INSURANCE OFFICE IN THE WORLD

Robert P. Simpson, *Manager For Canada*
15 WELLINGTON STREET EAST
TORONTO, ONTARIO

CANADIAN INVESTMENT FUND

Ask your Investment Dealer or Broker for prospectus.

CALVIN BULLOCK
Ltd.

Credit Insurance

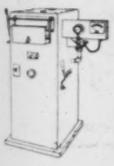
keeps Working Capital working for you!

1. Protects working capital invested in Receivables.
2. Provides endorsement for banking purposes.
3. Backs judgement of Credit Executive.
4. Gives positive loss prevention.
5. Harmonizes Credit-Sales relations.
6. Promotes efficiency in organization.
7. Creates confidence—basis of all credit.
8. Provides Service for handling collections.
9. Minimizes risk and anxiety, promotes planning.
10. Endorses customer's promise to pay.
11. Gives Accounts Receivable real value.
12. Provides accurate cost basis of shipments.
13. Helps avoid secondary credit costs.

Write for booklet. Address: First National Bank Building, Baltimore 2, Md.

American Credit Indemnity Company

of New York



Small Oven Furnace
for heat-treatment of tools and dies
ask for bulletin No. 10E
Wayne Forge & Machine Company Limited
256 Adelaide St. W., Toronto

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Dividend No. 266

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of thirty-five cents per share upon the paid-up capital stock of this bank has been declared for the current quarter and will be payable at the bank and its branches on and after Monday, the first day of March next, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 30th day of January, 1954.

By Order of the Board.
T. H. ATKINSON, General Manager.
Montreal, Que., January 19, 1954.

Who's Who in Business

Mammoths Rather Than Milestones

JOHN JOSEPH FITZGIBBONS has been associated with the movie industry for almost as long as there has been an industry. He began work as a projectionist's assistant in his birthplace of Meriden, Connecticut, at the age of fourteen; this year, at 64, he celebrates his half-century in the business and his thirteenth as president and managing director of Famous Players Canadian Corporation Limited, a country-wide chain that owns or controls more than 400 theatres.

One of the first films he promoted was *The Great Train Robbery* and one of the most recent was *The Robe*—both epoch-making productions even for an industry that measures more by mammoths than by milestones. Bulky John Fitzgibbons is a good natured man whose speech and gestures have something of the quality of a film in slow-motion. The record of his career, however, belies his manner. The Bijou Theatre in Meriden was a fish market before it was transformed into a theatre. "It took us weeks to get rid of the smell," he recalls. The young assistant may not have had much knowledge about the future of the movie business, but he knew what was good for him, and stayed in it. From operating a projector in Meriden he obtained his own equipment and began to travel about the country showing movies; he bought a newsreel camera and operated a newsreel service; he acquired theatres in New York State and, when Paramount started to expand, sold out his interests to them and joined the organization as a circuit manager.

© Karsh

J. J. FITZGIBBONS

By 1930 he had demonstrated his administrative capacities well enough to be chosen as director of theatre management for Famous Players, Paramount's part-owned subsidiary in Canada, and after six years in this country was elected vice-president.

He loves the movie business, regards his job as a 24-hour-per-day one and claims no other hobbies. Most evenings are spent either in watching new films in the private projection room adjoining his downtown Toronto office, in watching TV (with which Famous Players hopes to co-operate over a new screening device) and in reading books on an entertainment theme.

His experience has convinced him that intuition is the most important single factor a showman can possess and, in his opinion, it lies latent in everyone merely waiting to be trained.

"We think in this business that we're just about as close to the public pulse as it is possible to get," he says proudly, "and when you know what people are feeling and thinking you have a basic knowledge that can be applied almost everywhere. Many of the pictures that have been smash hits here, for example, do equally good business not only in the States and in Europe but in Japan, South Africa and Latin America." In 1948, Famous Players' internationally-known president became J. J. Fitzgibbons, CBE, in tribute to his wartime help in producing shows, raising funds through bond drives, and serving conscientiously on a governmental committee to conserve U.S. dollars. In December he received a flattering honor from the industry itself when he was chosen "Pioneer of the Year" by a group which selects the man who it feels has done the most for the motion picture industry throughout the Dominion.

During his regular travels in recent years, both across Canada and south to New York and Hollywood, Fitzgibbons has picked up further honors. The Sarcee Indians of Alberta named him Chief Moving Shadows, Notre Dame College in Wilcox, Saskatchewan, elected him a governor; Toronto's St. Michael's Hospital voted him into chairmanship of the board; and the Toronto "Tent" of the Variety Club, which he formed, acknowledged his work by making him the First Chief Barker.

Of his seven children—two are girls—three are also connected with the movie industry in one way or another which indicates *their* faith in the industry. The coming year, says Canada's Mr. Showman, should be the healthiest the movie industry has ever had. And his own company, which recently declared an extra dividend of 20 cents per share, will owe at least part of its success to his wider vision.

JOHN WILCOCK

Bonds

Saving for Security

"ANY FOOL can make money but it takes a wise man to save it." If this statement is true, then the wise men in Canada are legion, for never in our history have bank deposits stood at so high a level. If a bank account is the measure of a man's wisdom, then truly our land is richly endowed. Our land is, however, as richly endowed in other ways. Our undeveloped natural resources and potential manufacturing capacity stagger the imagination. Unfortunately, ours are not the imaginations that are staggered. Canada's resources seem to mean more to people in other countries than they do to us. The bank accounts in the United States, England, and Europe grow leaner every day and the safety deposit boxes fatter as a result of money poured into Canada. There is no shadow of doubt that foreign money, to a great extent, is developing our country. Imported money means exported profits.

What can any individual do to have a share in our country's development? The answer is simple, and calls only for a little more application of the wisdom that enabled us to build our bank accounts. The answer is to make our savings work harder for us by working through the medium of investment securities.

The judicious investment of money is as old as civilization itself. The only difference today is that money is distributed by the many rather than the few. The many today must learn what the few have always known. It is the sum total of all the small investments that is needed to build Canada. We must take the time to learn how, from small beginnings, to build substantial incomes.

For example, what twenty-year-old starting his business career, realizes that $200 per year saved and invested at 5 per cent and the interest reinvested will, at sixty-five years of age, create an estate of $30,000? The principal of investing for income to create a future estate applies to all ages and earnings brackets.

We are too prone to think of investment as speculation and to dismiss the whole idea as a form of gambling. Nothing could be further from the truth. It is not necessary to take risks to create wealth. The twenty-year-old with the $200 can invest in the same type of securities as does his bank and insurance company. No one can question the ability of the banks and insurance companies to create wealth, nor doubt the soundness of their investments.

First we must develop a plan to suit our individual needs. Decide how much we want at a certain age, how many years we have to obtain it, and how much we can afford to invest annually. Then work out what kind of an investment portfolio we should build, the balance between safety and income and possibly capital gain that suits our present situation and our future goals.

It's simple enough to decide on a plan, but it is a different thing to carry it out. After all, what do we know about investments? We thought we were investing when we bought some penny mining and oil stocks, and look what happened. The reason we lost money was because we did not take the trouble to find out what we were doing. We worked hard to get that money and we tossed it away in the same manner we would at the races or on raffle tickets. The fault is ours because we did not take the trouble to find out the difference between gambling, speculating, and investing. We lacked both wisdom and a planned objective. We need only look each week at "Gold and Dross" to see how many of us have concentrated on the "Dross".

We are going to need assistance in building our investment program, assistance not only in gaining more knowledge but in putting this knowledge to work. The prime consideration should be in choosing an investment firm to help us that will place our interests first. Secondly, to find out beyond a doubt the difference between gambling, speculating, and investing.

The problem of selecting a firm to assist us need not be too difficult. There is one group of financial dealers who, banded together, have done more to build Canada than they will ever be given credit for. Their members are comparatively few and their membership carefully guarded. Their reputation for service and integrity ranks second to none on this continent. I refer to the Investment Dealers' Association of Canada.

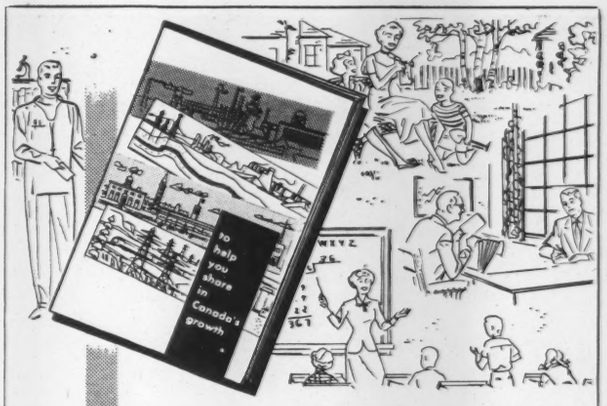
INVESTMENT Dealers are not stock brokers although they have facilities for buying and selling common and preferred shares on the various Exchanges. Their prime function is assisting investors to invest their funds wisely with a view to conservation of capital, fair return on the investment, and lastly, capital gain.

The Investment Dealers are merchants, but merchants whose percentage of profit would ruin most other merchandising businesses. Their usual commission or mark-up is between 25c and $3.00 on $100 invested. They stay in business because they do a large volume and because they give sound advice to their clients who keep coming back to them year after year.

Perhaps an Investment Dealer can help you work out your plan. The Investment Dealer, too, realizes that today the small investors are the backbone of industry.

The important thing is to get started on a plan that will lead to a sound, well-balanced portfolio of investments.

J. ROSS OBORNE



Whether you are a

DOCTOR - TEACHER - WIDOW - BUSINESSMAN - here is advice about investing your money!

SHOULD YOU invest only in the highest grade bonds? Should you buy only securities that offer the highest rate of income? Should you risk some of your money in speculative stocks with the hope of making large profits? These are decisions that your occupation and financial circumstances must dictate.

Courses of action to take are explained in a booklet just published by The Investment Dealers' Association of Canada entitled *"To Help You Share In Canada's Growth"*.

This booklet describes practical methods by which you may make your dollars work harder for you in terms of income and capital gain, and yet maintain the margin of safety your circumstances require. Illustrated in the booklet are example investment portfolios for a businessman, a doctor, a teacher and a widow. You will find that the principles used in establishing these portfolios can be successfully applied by any investor in building a suitable investment program.

We shall be glad to send a copy of this booklet to you with our compliments. Just telephone or write our nearest office for a copy of *"To Help You Share In Canada's Growth"*.

McLEOD, YOUNG, WEIR & COMPANY
LIMITED

50 King Street West, Toronto — Telephone: EMpire 4-0161
276 St. James Street West, Montreal — Telephone: HArbour 4261
Ottawa Winnipeg London Hamilton Vancouver Calgary Kitchener Quebec New York

Cochran, Murray & Co.
Limited

Government, Municipal and Corporation Securities

•

Cochran, Murray & Hay

Members of the Toronto Stock Exchange

Dominion Bank Bldg., Toronto, Telephone EM. 3-9161
Hamilton Kitchener London

EATON'S
"Lantern" Dress
to lighten your Figure, your Spirits.
Shirred and scalloped in black rayon crepe, it wears a stole as accessory toward evening effect . . . Just one from Eaton's new collection of mid-season fashions for After-Five Hours.
EATON'S . . . CANADA'S LARGEST RETAIL ORGANIZATION . . . STORES AND ORDER OFFICES FROM COAST TO COAST

Penal Reform

CANADIANS seem to have been content with half-hearted and spotty attempts to solve the difficult problems of dealing with our law-breakers. In the past, we have merely placed them in jail. Since the vast majority will re-enter their communities after serving their sentences, this is only a temporary measure. The only real solution is to find ways of helping as many as possible to become good citizens, unlikely to offend again.

Penologists in other countries have developed some effective methods of doing this. Canada is beginning to apply some, particularly in our federal system and in some provincial institutions. But we should insist that the best penal knowledge be put into practice in all our institutions.

Recently, seven Toronto organizations co-operated to frame recommendations, which, although designed to apply specifically to women's institutions in Ontario, are based on principles which can be applied anywhere:

a) Experience has proved that probation may be the best way to help rehabilitate some offenders and to prevent them from becoming "repeaters". This means that carefully selected persons are allowed to serve their sentences in the community under supervision instead of being imprisoned. (As yet, adult probation applies only in Ontario and British Columbia.) But this cannot possibly be effective unless adequate supervision is given by qualified probation officers. Too often there are either no probation officers or not enough of them.

b) Classification of offenders should be a routine admittance policy. How can the prisoner's capabilities or needs be determined unless each one is carefully studied as an individual? This study, of course, must be done by a team of trained persons including a general physician, a psychiatrist, a psychologist and a social worker. In Ontario provincial institutions these techniques are now being applied to men, but not yet to women, offenders.

c) Those offenders considered the most hopeful of early reform should be segregated from the others.

d) Offenders should receive treatment and training which were indicated by the classification study. Mere incarceration does not effect reform. In every institution, there are alcoholics, many of whom can be helped. Knowing this, why do we allow these people to drift in and out of our jails without making an honest attempt at treating them? Ontario now has treatment facilities for men, but not for women, alcoholics. Many jail inmates are mentally ill. Is mental illness a crime? If not, why do we not diagnose their illness and then treat them?

e) When the inmates of our custodial institutions are ready to be re-admitted to society, do we offer them every assistance in taking this most difficult step? Are there trained rehabilitation officers to meet every inmate prior to discharge to proffer the necessary support and encouragement after release? Has your community a John Howard Society or an Elizabeth Fry Society to assume responsibility?

HELEN TRACY

DESIGNER *Ceil Chapman, photographed in her New York show-room. The model is wearing one of the evening gowns from Miss Chapman's Spring collection, shown to fashion editors during the recent Press Week in New York.*

women

DESIGNER *Adele Simpson, also photographed in New York, in her own show-room. The model is wearing the new print ensemble, of sheath dress and bolero, from Miss Simpson's Spring collection.*

Photos: Gerald Campbell, of Ashley & Crippen

Conversation Pieces:

WHILE IN NEW YORK for Fashion Week, sponsored by the New York Dress Institute, we had an afternoon visit with Sarah Churchill (whose picture is on this week's cover), who had just arrived back from London to start rehearsals for *Richard II*, viewed on TV on Jan. 24; we met Edward Everett Horton again, at a party for the fashion editors; and had a chat with Madame Louis Arpels, one of the ten best dressed women in the U.S., at the Metropolitan Opera, at which Lily Pons, Jarmila Novotna, Roberta Peters and Blanche Thebom were guests. The Met stars were wearing diamonds on loan from famous New York jewellers, and each was watched over by a guard. Lily Pons (see page 29) was wearing earrings, a pendant fringed with rare pear-shaped diamonds, and a bracelet, to the total value of $254,000.

We also saw some theatre in New York, including *The Prescott Proposals* with Canada's Lorne Greene in the cast (he has been much in demand for TV dramas, too); *The Solid Gold Cadillac*, which has Josephine Hull invading a stockholders' meeting—she owns 10 shares—with amusing results. But we enjoyed even more *The Teahouse of the August Moon*. In this, a U.S. officer is sent to Americanize a village in Okinawa, and ends by building a teahouse for the Geisha girl, and selling sweet potato brandy to the U.S. Navy base, as the only salable local "product".

The Dress Institute arranged a color TV show which may revolutionize the business. It was exceedingly glamorous and brought the models near enough for us to see the tiniest details of

(CONTINUED ON FOLLOWING PAGE)

costume, something not possible in a large fashion show with the models on a runway.

With the new Spring silhouette emphasizing high waistline, midriff and hips, you may need a "new" figure. Toronto women will have a chance to hear ballet teacher Louise Goldsmith tell how to correct figure faults, at Kate Aitken's beauty and fashion show, in connection with the second annual Hobby Show, Feb. 5 to 13. Figures are hobbies?

The February birthstone is the amethyst. In early days it was felt to be a safeguard against any form of intoxication and deep unrest. It is supposed to signify sincerity.

Drew Thompson is importing a Chicago actress, Nancy Peters, to play the lead in *The Glass Menagerie*, which he is producing in Toronto, the week of Feb. 8, for the Arthur Sutherland's International Players.

Guest columnist (on page 26) is Mrs. J. M. (Helen) Tracy, President of The Elizabeth Fry Society, Toronto, which was formed about two years ago and is the only branch in Canada with its own staff and office. The Vancouver Society is the oldest branch, having been established some 14 years ago; Ottawa and Kingston also have branches, run by volunteers.

Next Monday, the Royal Winnipeg Ballet will be playing in Washington, DC, before going on to its Chicago and mid-Western U.S. tour.

Bruck Mills named their new Spring and Summer shades, "Empire Colors", with a salute to the Queen's Empire tour and the Empire Games, to be held in Vancouver in mid-summer. Thus a soft turquoise shade becomes *Jamaica*; a cool mint tone is named *Ceylon*; a toasty tan is *Bermuda*; a muted henna is *Malaya*, and a fresh coral is *Trinidad*.

Weddings: the Hon. Carolyn Hardinge, daughter of the Viscount Hardinge and granddaughter of Mrs. Ruth Fleming, of Ottawa, to John Worsley, son of Sir William Worsley, of England; skating champion Suzanne Morrow, of Toronto, to David Worthington Francis, of Arlington, Va.; Hélène Gerin-Lajoie, daughter of Henri Gerin-Lajoie, QC, of Outremont, Que., to Henry Maquet, of Brussels, Belgium; Frances Larue Macdonald, daughter of Gordon A. Macdonald, of Vancouver, to Henry Greer Castillou, son of Judge H. G. Castillou, of Williams Lake, BC; Ann Marguerite Slacke, daughter of Commander R. C. Slacke, of Montreal, to Surgeon Lt. Cmdr. John MacFarlane Cliff, RN.

NEW YORK *fashion designer Claire McCardell, well-known for her separates and her "mix-it-yourself" clothes.*
Photo: Ashley & Crippen

DESIGNER *Ben Reig, of New York, who showed his Spring collection to the fashion editors.*
Photo: Ashley & Crippen

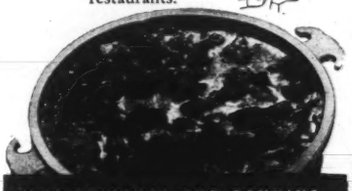
CANADIAN *fashion editors at lunch, given by Ship N' Shore Blouses during press week in New York: l to r, Jacqui Heriteau, of the Montreal* Herald; *Olive Dickason, of the Montreal* Gazette; *model wearing a Ship N' Shore blouse; Suzanne Piuze, of Montreal's* La Patrie; *Mary Ashwell, of station CFPL, London, Ont.; and Rachèle De Sèrvres, of Montreal's* La Voix Populaire.
Photo: Edward Ozern

Your clue to a good stew!

LEA & PERRINS*

BELONGS... ON YOUR TABLE AND IN YOUR COOKING

The same fine sauce which, for over 100 years, has enhanced the cuisine of world-famous restaurants.



*THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE

OVERSEAS EDUCATION LEAGUE OF CANADA

Founded in 1910

TOURS IN BRITAIN— $650.00 up

(Montreal to Montreal)

CONTINENTAL EXTENSIONS

France, Germany, Switzerland, Holland $275.00

France, Switzerland, Austria, Italy, Germany, Holland $475.00

Denmark, Sweden, Norway $285.00

For printed Leaflet write

R. FLETCHER, B.A., LL.D., Honorary Treasurer

MISS LILIAN WATSON, Travel Director

505 TIME BUILDING, WINNIPEG

GUARANTEED

A weather insured, pleasure insured vacation

HOTEL Virgin isle

ST. THOMAS VIRGIN ISLANDS

See your travel agent or N.Y. Office: 730 5th Ave. Plaza 7-5253

AT THE *Metropolitan Opera, New York: l to r, Joy McGillawee, of the Wool Bureau, Toronto, Col. H. G. King, President of the Metropolitan Opera Club, and Lily Pons, wearing $254,000 worth of diamonds from Van Cleef and Arpels.*

Photo: Eli Aaron

AT THE *Color TV show for the fashion editors: Margaret Cragg, Toronto* Globe and Mail; *three famous "names" who modelled the Ceil Chapman gowns they wore in the TV show, Jinx Falkenberg, Dorothy Kilgallen, Jane Pickens; and Gwen Cowley. Toronto* Star Weekly.

Photo: Ashley & Crippen

ALL THE *Ashley & Crippen photographs on these pages were taken in New York by Gerald Campbell, expressly for* SATURDAY NIGHT.

FOR FRAGRANCE

FOR FASHION

Tweed and Pippin Red

Tweed the crisp, fresh fragrance you can wear anytime, anywhere 95c to $74.50

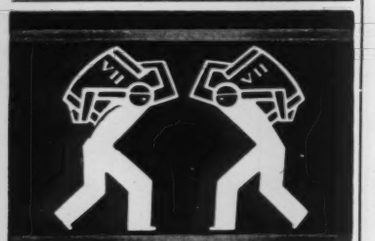
Pippin Red today's brightest fashion in *Sta-Put lipstick 1.35

*trademark

Lentheric

PARIS • LONDON • NEW YORK

"EXPORT"
CANADA'S FINEST CIGARETTE


JOHN JAMESON
★ ★ ★
WHISKEY
NOT A DROP IS SOLD TILL IT'S SEVEN YEARS OLD
Every drop is matured at least 7 YEARS in oak casks.
Try John Jameson with water or soda — in a Whiskey Sour — or an Old Fashioned.
"IT'S DELIGHTFULLY DIFFERENT"

STUDY AT HOME FOR A DEGREE!
Wolsey Hall (est. 1894) offers you postal tuition for fully recognized London University (Eng.) Degrees, B.A., B.Sc., B.D., B.Sc.Econ., LL.B. No lecture attendance required; only three (in some cases, two) exams to pass; centres across Canada. 17,000 Wolsey Hall students passed London exams 1925-52. Write, stating Degree desired, to G. L. Clarke, B.A., Director of Studies, Dept. OS.29.
WOLSEY HALL, HAMILTON, ONT.

Letters

Continued Pollution

I HAVE BEEN following with amused interest your editorial comment on the "six gunboats" practice sentence, but your last one pulled me up short, not because of the sentence, but because of what you say about the word "smog".

I am astounded that there should have been a Smoke Abatement Society as far back as 1905. I can only conclude that this society must have been extinguished at its inception, for it certainly seems to have had little effect in the last forty years. From my office window as I write I can see smoke belching out of half a dozen chimneys. When I go out for lunch I expect that in the course of walking a hundred yards or so, my face will be spotted and my clothing soiled by soot from these same stacks.

It is a fine thing to go down in history as the coiner of an expressive word. I suggest that Dr. des Voeux might be more fittingly remembered by a renewal of interest in his Smoke Abatement Society before society expires from pollution of its lungs.

Montreal LOUIS J. TRUDEAU

Freedom and Censorship

YES, indeed, censorship is usually stupid. History proves it. But why is it that a few years ago, when Premier Duplessis, graciously acceding to a request made to him by a Jewish delegation, banned the film *Oliver Twist*—there were no protests then?

The majority of the movie-going public of a whole province let the incident pass, with silent regrets and without clamoring spiteful comments, so that the feelings of a slight racial minority might be spared.

Now that it is a matter of not hurting the feelings of the Catholic majority of the Province of Quebec, there is a loud flutter of dovecotes and no term is too derisive to describe the action taken by the same authorities against the showing of *Martin Luther*. . .

Ottawa CECILE DESLOGES

RELIGIOUS FREEDOM may mean (1) freedom to hold and practise one's religion. This freedom extends even to small minorities and to what may seem strange religions; (2) freedom to propagate religion of whatever sort.

Canada is committed to Religious Freedom in the former sense. Is Canada committed to it in the latter sense? This has now become a live question. . .

As an Anglican, I have lived and worked in Quebec province, and always enjoyed perfect freedom of religion. Indeed, the attitude seemed to be in practice if not in theory, "You are an English-language Canadian and it is only natural that you should have your own Church."

Very few parents with religious convictions of their own, would interpret Religious Freedom as meaning that their homes must be open to religious propaganda of every sort. And the community is the family writ large.

The Holy Apostles and other Christian missionaries had to win their way without waiting for favorable legislation. A surprising variety of theories can be described as "religion" and we are embarking on a dangerous course if we give complete freedom of propaganda to everything that is described as religion. But we can with perfect safety continue to allow complete freedom of belief.

Winnipeg REV. WM. C. TURNEY

Old and New

. . . MIGHT I . . . suggest that if Mr. Lichnowski insists on making a distinction between "Old" and "New" Canadians, he can hardly expect the established residents of his adopted country to do otherwise!

Edmonton A. R. STEWART

. . . WHAT MR. Lichnowski does not realize is that "old Canadians" know enough to realize that we are the extremely lucky possessors of a country which has probably less curbs to true individual freedom than any country now existing on earth. As one who has seen a great deal of Europe and lived in Canada all his life, this is the part of our heritage which impresses me the most. In some absolutely unexplainable way British Royalty is not only an affectionate bond between the various millions that compose this Commonwealth of Nations, but is an odd sort of guarantee in our minds that the freedom may continue.

Perhaps many people feel as I do that so long as a Queen and her consort can be welcomed with love and affection in any home throughout the Commonwealth, at any time of the day or night, there is less chance of these homes being entered, without sanction, by a secret police.

ANGUS MACDONALD

Willowdale, Ont.

Of Many Things

A LONDON (Eng.) paper lists 49 shows currently running in the legitimate theatres of that city. Most of our cities of over 100,000 find it difficult to house and support one company on a regular basis. Can it be that our prices are too high? A comparison of the prices charged here and there would seem to suggest as much.

(MRS. T. R.) AUDREY SALTER

Vancouver

AN INTERESTING fact was pointed out to me about our 1953 TB seals. The American seals—with the same picture as ours—read "Greetings, 1953" whereas ours lamely proclaimed "Canada, 1953".

Perhaps these are considered to be parallel constructions in the two languages, but I doubt it. If we must have one word only to serve both English and French groups, I would prefer "Noel" or even something in Latin, Greek or Sanskrit. . .

Ottawa L. MENTON

ON "The Front Page" of your issue of January 16 you state that Sir John Macdonald announced that he was going to "hide" the Grits; surely he said "hive" the Grits.

Ottawa HAROLD DALY

EDITOR'S NOTE: Reader Daly is not mistaken. Sir John used the word "hive" in April, 1882, to describe a redistribution of federal seats in Ontario.

IS THERE no end to the greed of municipal authorities? I expect that, in their desire for my parking pennies, they will next be putting a meter not just on my boulevard, but right in my garage.

Peterborough A. L. SIMMONS

I READ with interest the letter written by Mr. Fred B. Jakes. I note that he bases his remarks regarding English immigrants on letters appearing in the press—and since Mr. Jakes heeds letters of this nature it gives me an opportunity to say something I know thousands of others like myself would want to set down in print.

I am most grateful to Canada and Canadians for the way I have been treated . . . I am trying to show my gratitude by living as a Canadian citizen in all ways. I say this on behalf of many who settled down here and are attempting to contribute something to our way of life . . .

Stoney Creek, Ont. TERRY KING

INDEX

	PAGE
ART	5
BOOKS	18
BUSINESS	21
FILMS	15
FOREIGN AFFAIRS	12
OTTAWA LETTER	10
PERSONA GRATA	13
TELEVISION	9
WOMEN	26

SATURDAY NIGHT
ESTABLISHED 1887
VOL. 69, NO. 18 WHOLE NO. 3170

Editorial Board, Robertson Davies, J. A. Irving, E. J. Pratt. Editor, Gwyn Kinsey; Managing Editor, Herbert McManus; Associate Editors, Hugh Garner, Willson Woodside; Production Editor, John Irwin; Financial Editor, W. P. Snead; Women's Editor, Margaret Ness; Assistant Editors, Lillian England, John Wilcock; Assistant to the Editor, Fern Rahmel; Contributing Editors, Jim Coleman, Robertson Davies, Paul Duval, Max Freedman (Washington), Hugh MacLennan (Montreal), Beverley Nichols (London), Mary Lowrey Ross, Lister Sinclair, John A. Stevenson (Ottawa), Anthony West (New York); Advertising Sales Manager, Lloyd M. Hodgkinson. Subscription Prices: Canada $4.00 one year; $6.00 two years; $8.00 three years. Great Britain and all other parts of the British Empire add $1.00 for each subscription year to Canadian price. All other countries add $2.00 for each subscription year to Canadian price. Newsstand and single issues 10c. Authorized as second class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa. Published and printed by Consolidated Press Limited, Birks Building, Montreal, Canada. Editorial and Advertising Offices, 73 Richmond St. W., Toronto 1, Canada. President and Publisher, Jack Kent Cooke; Vice Presidents, Hal E. Cooke, Neil Mc. Watt, E. R. Milling; Assistant Comptroller, George Colvin; Secretary, William Zimmerman, Q.C.; Director of Circulation, Gordon Rumgay; Director of Manufacturing, E. M. Pritchard. Representatives: New York, Donald Cook Inc., 331 Madison Ave.; Chicago, Fred R. Jones & Son, 228 N. Lasalle Street; Los Angeles, Lee F. O'Connell Co., 111 North La Cienega Blvd., Beverly Hills, Cal.; Vancouver, John N. Hunt & Associates, 198 West Hastings Street; London, England, Dennis W. Mayes Ltd., 69 Fleet Street, E.C.4.

The Backward Glance

20 Years Ago This Week

TWO OF THE present day staff of SATURDAY NIGHT wrote articles in the issue of Feb. 3, 1934, Willson Woodside and John A. Stevenson. Woodside wrote about the threatened Nazi coup against Austria, in "Austria Stands with its Back to the Wall", while Stevenson discussed, rather belatedly as it turned out, the disarmament question under the heading, "The Arms Deadlock". R. W. Lipsett wrote about Mackenzie King under the title, "Mr. King Loses Weight", in which he told that the Leader of the Opposition had lost twenty pounds recently, and "considerably more weight in the delivery of a political attack". There was a photograph of His Honor, Dr. Herbert A. Bruce, then Ontario's Lieutenant-Governor, on page 4, and another one showed Miss Charlotte Whitton, who was Director of the Canadian Council on Child and Family Welfare.

The photographs of men in the issue of twenty years ago serve to illustrate a fact that has been mentioned recently by many others: the almost total lack of change in men's clothing styles over the past twenty years. We realize that hat crowns have risen and fallen again, brims have widened and shrunk in width, trousers have bagged and stovepiped, jackets have been cut with notched and wing lapels, but all in all the changes have been insignificant. The hats worn by the models in the Chrysler and Philip Morris ads of 1934 are completely in style today, and the business suits of Walter P. Chrysler and W. M. Dickson, then Deputy Minister of Labor, would not look out of place if worn by businessmen today.

The current movies included *Design For Living*, starring Fredric March and Gary Cooper, and *Counsellor-At-Law*, starring John Barrymore. The Bookshelf reviewed *Days Without End* by Eugene O'Neill, *Eugene O'Neill: The Man And His Plays* by Barrett H. Clark, *The Curse of the Wise Woman* by Lord Dunsany, and *The Thin Man* by Dashiell Hammett.

Of the latter book, Harold F. Sutton, the book editor at that time, said: "Although a confirmed Dashiell Hammettite, I cannot share the unrestrained critical enthusiasm over his latest opus. I notice that Alexander Woollcott, whom I also revere, is quoted on the jacket as saying that it is the best detective story ever produced in America . . . And as for the critic who once compared him to Hemingway, he should be boiled in oil . . ."

Speaking of boiling with oil, the recipes were for a dish made with canned chicken and for corn fritters, listed under the heading "The Bill-of-Fare", and written by Cynthia Brown. These were in line with what Cynthia called "the depressed budget". She also mentioned that there were two new varieties of tinned soups on the market: cream of mushroom and cream of oyster. We're all familiar with cream of mushroom soup in tins, but what happened to the cream of oyster? Was it another depression casualty, or did it not take on with such an anaphrodisiac people as the Canadian?

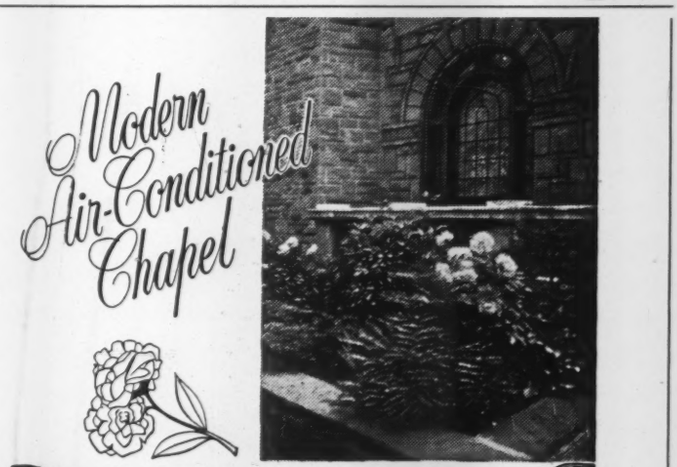
Here are some of the other curious facts we culled from the 1934 issue. There was an outcry by some subscribers against the dial telephone in 1934. P. M. Richards prophesied a boom for that year. The *Toronto Daily Star* had begun publishing a series of gruesome pictures from World War I. The British Government had paid $500,000 for a copy of the Bible. Germany had signed a non-aggression pact with Poland. Harold Macmillan had advocated a form of economic fascism for Great Britain. The editor of SATURDAY NIGHT suggested that the word "centenary" should be pronounced "teen". The Salvation Army claimed (when beer was about to be introduced to Ontario) that if "a man has got religion he won't want beer". A. W. Miles, a Toronto undertaker, advertised that in his new funeral chapel, "Services are held under ideal conditions." And we might ask, for whom? Cigarettes sold for 10 for 10c, 25 for 25c and 50 for 50c.

Probably the worst name ever invented for a foodstuff was "Kaffee-Hag Coffee", a product of that old snap-crackle-and-pop organization, the Kellogg Co. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. asked the world to fight pneumonia in one of its institutional ads. If you had a cold in 1934 you had a choice of Vicks Vaporub (to rub on your chest), Thermogene (to put on as a plaster), and a score of harmless nose drops and nostrums to take internally, or at least through the nasal passages.

If you let your cold develop into pneumonia, you could obtain a serum from your doctor (Metropolitan said) or rely on well-trained, faithful nursing. If that didn't help, you could be buried from the new Miles funeral chapel, with a lovely blanket of Dale orchids over your National casket.

We meant to include a paragraph or two from the Financial Section of the magazine, but despite Mr. Richards' hopeful prophecy the thing was too depressing. Stocks, in 1934, were sold on faith, were bought with hope, and the end was often charity. We thought we'd quit while we were winning.

Princely Relaxation
The Prince Regent was as fond of archery and other sports as he was of luxurious entertainment.
For Princely Refreshment, ask for Prince Regent— the finest product of Canada's Oldest Distillery.
PRINCE REGENT
FINE CANADIAN
Whisky
GOODERHAM & WORTS LIMITED



THE Casualty Company of Canada
HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO
H. S. GOODERHAM, President
A. W. EASTMURE, Managing Director
AGENCY OPPORTUNITIES
IN SOME TERRITORIES THROUGHOUT CANADA

You'll be the leading man in any company

in a beautiful new Chrysler

Chrysler New Yorker DeLuxe 4-Door Sedan

Brilliant 235 h.p. performance

Amazing POWERFLITE no-shift, no-clutch driving

Yours is the unmistakable aura of leadership when you drive a beautiful 1954 Chrysler. For its impeccable appearance says you *own* the leader—its magnificent performance says you *drive* the leader.

The mighty 235 h.p. FirePower engine gives you performance without equal . . . instant response . . . an extra margin of power for an extra margin of safety. *PowerFlite*, finest of fully-automatic drives, gives you no-shift, no-clutch driving at its easiest and simplest. Power Brakes, standard on all V-8 models, and Full-Time Power Steering* round out the effortless control that's yours—in a beautiful Chrysler.

Yes—you'll be the leading man in any company when your friends look admiringly and remark—

"I see you drive a Chrysler"

**Full-Time Power Steering is available at extra cost on all 1954 Chryslers.*

MANUFACTURED IN CANADA BY CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED

PROUDLY DISPLAYED BY YOUR CHRYSLER-PLYMOUTH-FARGO DEALER